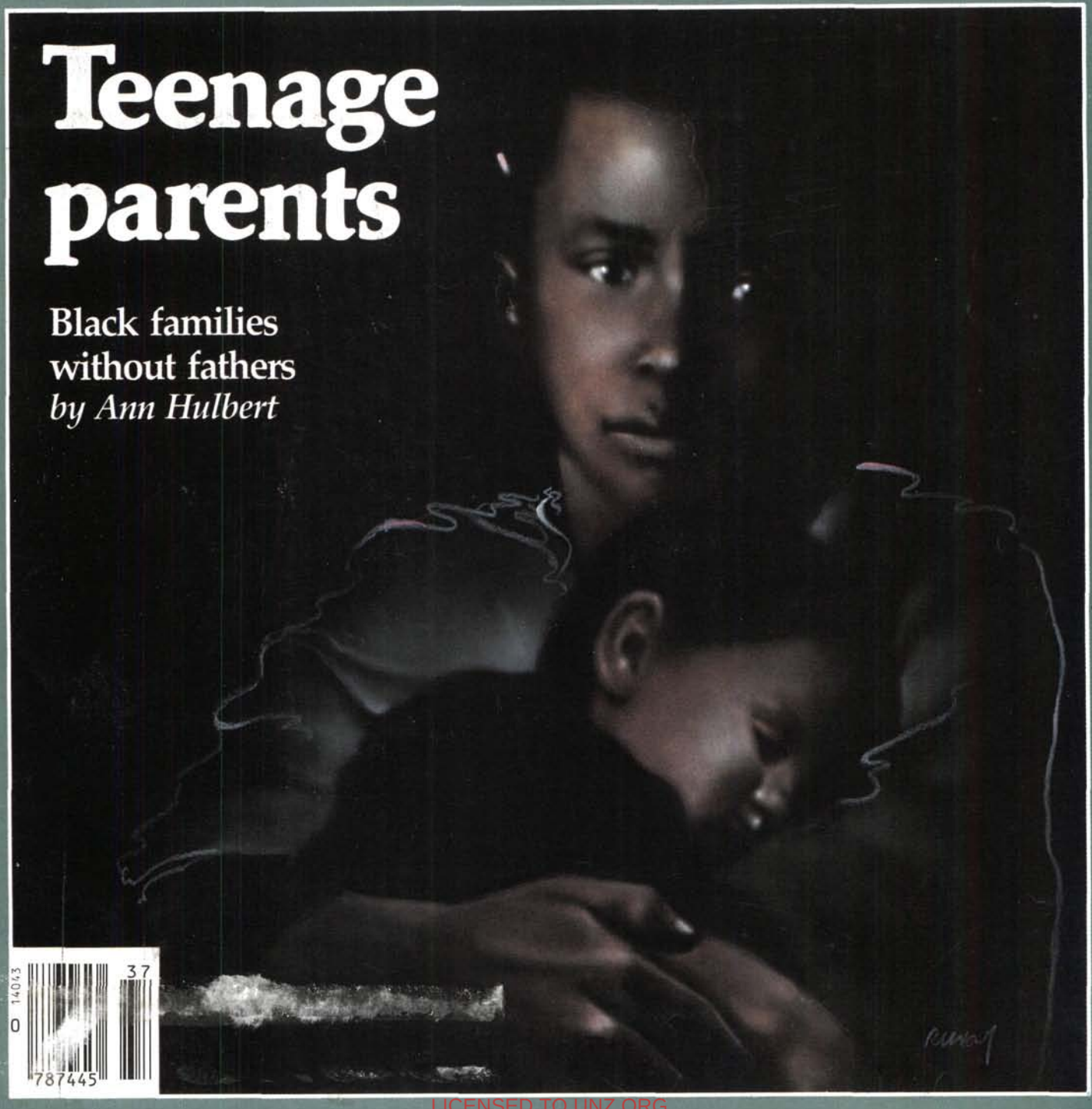
TRB & ONDRACKE FROM DALLAS

SEPTEMBER 10, 1984 • $1.50

How the Democrats trapped Ferraro

NATHAN LEWIN: DELOREAN • ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. • E. V. THAW: CÉZANNE

THE NEW REPUBLIC



Teenage parents

Black families without fathers
by Ann Hulbert

0 14043 37
787445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

MISKITO MISCHIEF

To the editors:

Joshua Muravchik's "Manipulating the Miskitos" (TNR, August 6) makes a strenuous effort to discredit the testimony of three Miskitos given in a Senate forum sponsored by Senator Edward Kennedy on May 25, 1984. But Mr. Muravchik carefully avoided talking to persons who have conducted independent research on the episode.

I also testified at the forum. I said that I had been in Sumubila less than two weeks after the attack. Mr. Muravchik did not get in touch with me. At Sumubila I saw the buildings that the rebels burned down, including the hospital, the warehouse, and the recreation center for the elderly. I also saw many houses bearing marks left by machine-gun fire and rockets. I interviewed Miskitos who have responsibilities for the management of the settlement, and then I talked to many settlers when no authorities were present. My general conclusions of what happened on that date are consistent with what the witnesses at the Senate hearing said: the *contra* forces attacked the village, firing indiscriminately against the civilians; they encountered very little resistance from a security force outside the settlement and then from a police post, resulting in one policeman dead. Then they secured control of an area of the settlement, where they proceeded to destroy the buildings mentioned, as well as an ambulance. Afterward they went looking for persons connected to the government, and forced them to go with them. Six civilians died in the attack, including two children.

Among those I interviewed in Nicaragua was a man who was forced to go with the *contras* but who had managed to escape and return to Sumubila. Most people I interviewed admitted, however, that some of the thirty-nine allegedly kidnapped may well have followed the *contras* out of their own free will.

The *Comision Permanente de Derechos Humanos*, a Managua-based human rights organization that consistently and harshly criticizes Sandinista policies, includes in its June report the case of the kidnapping of Dr. Roberto Jose Valle Gonzalez, a 26-year-old physician from Sumubila on April 20 and attributes it to the rebels. Dr. Valle Gonzalez is still listed as "disappeared."

Mr. Muravchik's account of what actually happened differs substantially from the version circulated by the National Forum, a group that brought Stedman Fagoth to Washington to contradict the three Miskito witnesses (NICARAGUAN REBEL LEADER DENIES GUERRILLAS KILLED INDIAN VILLAGERS, *The New York Times* reported on July 15.) Quoting Professor Bernard Nietschmann, Mr. Muravchik attributes the attack to Misura, the group led by Mr. Fagoth, but says there were only four dead (two soldiers and two civilians), and that the commander of the raid was "reprimanded" after one rocket-powered grenade was fired against civilians. In contrast, Mr. Fagoth says thirty-three persons died in the attack, all of them Sandinista soldiers.

Americas Watch has published several reports on human rights in Nicaragua, following five fact-finding trips to that country by myself and others in our organization. We have criticized Sandinista policy that we found offensive to fundamental human rights. We think, however, that our interest in protecting the rights of the Miskitos makes it impossible for us to ignore the serious violations of civilian neutrality perpetrated by the rebel forces financed and directed by the Reagan Administration covert action program.

JUAN E. MENDEZ
Americas Watch
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Muravchik replies:

Mr. Mendez's memory fails him. I interviewed him on June 13, on the record, and on tape. At Senator Kennedy's forum, Mr. Mendez made only a single cryptic remark about Sumubila, saying that what he had heard there was "basically consistent with what you have heard today." But what he told me in the interview was not "basically consistent" with what was said at the

continued on page 41

RW017CE

"The nation's capital now has a hotel for perfectionists. The Regent."

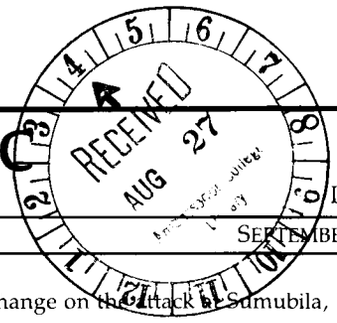
Service which is discreet. But total.
A hotel modeled on traditional lines, yet boasting every modern convenience.
Absolute comfort.
Subdued tones.
Elegance. Flair.
Now, those who wished for such a hotel in the nation's capital need wait no longer.

the Regent WASHINGTON
A REGENT®INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

2350 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037
ALBUQUERQUE. AUCKLAND. CHICAGO. FIJI. HONG KONG. KUALA LUMPUR. MANILA. MELBOURNE. NEW YORK. PUERTO RICO. SYDNEY. WASHINGTON D.C.
U.S.A. TOLL FREE 800-545-4000; WASHINGTON D.C. 202-429-0100, TELEX 904282 OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,634

WASHINGTON, D.C. — SEPTEMBER 10, 1984

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Senior Editors
ANN HULBERT, MICHAEL E. KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Associate Editor
JEFFERSON MORLEY

New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston)
STEVE WASSERMAN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry
ROBERT PINSKY

Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG, ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN, BOB KUTTNER, R.W.B. LEWIS, NATHAN LEWIN, MARK CRISPIN MILLER, WILLIAM J. QUIRK, ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

National Political Correspondent
SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Assistant to the Editors
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Production Manager
PATRICIA A. HOPPER

Assistant Production Manager
MARGERY MERTINS

Production Associates
HILARY KANTER, KAREN A. STEINKE

Reporter-Researchers
ANTHONY KAYE, ALYZA LEWIN, JONATHAN ROSENBLUM, VICTORIA SLOAN

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN

Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS

Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN

Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Executive Assistant to the Publisher
SUSAN A. BUFFETT

Circulation Director
TOM HICKS

Circulation Manager
GENE SITTENFELD

Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ

Circulation Assistant
ROBIN CHERRY

Assistant to the Advertising Manager
CATHERINE SCHILLING

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Back Issues and Reception
CATHI E. STALLINGS

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... An exchange on the attack at Sumubila, Nicaragua.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... PEDIATRIC ECONOMICS
The COSsacks are coming! The COSsacks are coming!

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE REFORM PETARD
Ms. Ferraro has talked and disclosed herself most of the way out of a hole. But who dug that hole?

GUATEMALA GAIN
Good news from a place that's a byword for bad.

NOTEBOOK

8 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: BEYOND REAGAN
Conservative firebrands had no trouble taking over.

11 **NEIL LEWIS** ..... APARTHEID JUSTICE
In South Africa's courts racial bias is upheld.

13 **NATHAN LEWIN** ..... DELOREAN DELIRIUM
A trial lawyer examines some unusual strategies.

15 **ANN HULBERT** ..... CHILDREN AS PARENTS
The black family has been devasted. For twenty years its troubles were shrouded in silence. Now black leaders have lifted the taboo—and the statistics on single parents, especially on teenage mothers, are more alarming than ever. Can these children be saved from poverty?

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: SOPHISTICATES AND PRIMITIVES
Godard's quirky *Carmen*; an African Bushman's fall.

25 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: THE STRATFORD DILEMMA
Boring Beckett; two crisp Shakespeare comedies.

27 **ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.** ..... THE EDUCATION OF A HISTORIAN
George Bancroft: The Intellectual as Democrat
by Lilian Handlin

29 **ANNE TYLER** ..... POOR ME
The Letters of Jean Rhys
edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly

30 **EUGENE VICTOR THAW** ..... THE MASTER OF AIX
Paul Cézanne: The Watercolors, A Catalogue Raisonné
by John Rewald

34 **RICHARD HOWARD** ..... SEX AND SENSIBILITY
Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape
by Ann Thwaite

35 **ABRAHAM BRUMBERG** ..... POLES APART
A Warsaw Diary 1978-1981
By Kazimierz Brandys

The Passion of Poland:
From Solidarity Through the State of War
by Lawrence Weschler

The Polish Revolution: Solidarity
by Timothy Garton Ash

41 **BRIEF REVIEW** ..... *Alberta and Jacob, Alberta and Freedom, Alberta Alone*
by Cora Sandel, reviewed by Kathleen Kearns

42 **PARIS DIARIST** ..... ART AND SOCIALISM

COVER by Rob Wood/Stansbury, Ronsaville, Wood, Inc. Article on page 15.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 191, Number 11, Issue 3,634, September 10, 1984. (Printed on August 22, 1984.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 9 & 16, July 16 & 23, August 13 & 20, and September 17 & 24, 1984) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2 (includes postage & handling). ©1984 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscriptions inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (In New York State call 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

PEDIATRIC ECONOMICS

The Games of the IInd Reaganiad opened officially on Monday, with the hitherto and henceforth unknown Katherine D. Ortega settling for a bronze medal in women's freestyle orating. Judges rejected a challenge to Jeane Kirkpatrick's gold medal after urinalysis showed no trace of Democratic impurities in her system. The general level of competition was low.

Sunday evening, there was a reception in honor of Kirkpatrick and the two other women in President Reagan's cabinet, Elizabeth Dole and Margaret Heckler, at Dallas's famous Neiman-Marcus department store. Entertainment was provided by a conga line of nearly naked black ladies who weaved through the crowd to the beat of a bongo drum, whooping and chanting. Honest. The chant was incomprehensible, but I suppose it translated roughly as, "See? Who says the Republican Party doesn't respect women?"

To the young turks who took over the 1984 Republican platform, and seem well on their way to taking over the party—Representatives Jack Kemp and Newt Gingrich leading the pack—this convention is the kickoff not merely of an election campaign but of something they call the "Conservative Opportunity Society," which will extend long beyond Reagan's second term. The chief feature of the "COS" will be the virtual disappearance of taxes. In this sense, the convention is a foretaste of life in the COS, since almost all the lavish celebrating going on here (as well as, to be fair, at last month's Democratic convention) is being paid for with tax-free dollars as somebody's "business expense." We see here in Dallas how the miracle of capitalism, when unburdened by taxation, can supply almost unlimited quantities of food and drink to thousands of ravenous politicians and journalists, at no apparent cost to anybody. I haven't seen a dollar change hands yet.

Two episodes involving a lowly comma illustrate the difference in self-confidence and clarity of purpose in the two parties. The Democratic platform, in its discussion of affirmative action, originally denounced "quotas, which are un-American and cause cancer," or some such ringing formulation. The Jesse Jackson forces demanded removal of the comma, leaving the suggestion that some kinds of quotas are O.K. The final version avoided all direct reference to quotas.

The Republicans had the exact opposite experience on the topic of taxes. The original draft read, "We therefore oppose any attempts to increase taxes which would harm the recovery" and cause cancer, etc., etc. The Gingrich-Kemp zealots demanded that a comma be *added* before the "which." In this case the zealots won, thus putting the Republican Party firmly on record as believing that *all* tax increases cause cancer. (Or were delegates swayed by grammar? Without a comma, the word should be "that," and not "which.")

The Republicans are equally unequivocal about quotas. They say, "we oppose attempts to dictate results. . . . Quotas are the most insidious form of discrimination." But in another passage, about encouraging entrepreneurship, they brag about how much they've expanded the 8(a) program of the Small Business Administration. This program guarantees a fixed percentage of government contracts for minorities. It is—how you say?—a quota.

But this is a rare lapse into self-contradiction in a document that generally knows its own mind. More telling is a contradiction between this year's platform and the Republican platform of 1980. Four years ago the platform charged that the Democrats "seek to derail our nation's money creation policies," and swore: "The independence of the Federal Reserve System must be preserved." This year's version declares that "The Federal Reserve Board's destabilizing actions must . . . stop." It demands "coordination between fiscal and monetary policy," and hints that it's time for a gold standard.

The Republicans are preparing to blame the Fed for any economic bad news in Reagan's second term. This is disgraceful ingratitude. Fed Chairman Paul Volcker is more responsible than any single person, including Ronald Reagan, for Reagan's current high standing with the voters. Nothing Reagan has done was designed to reduce inflation even in theory. Inflation has subsided mainly because Volcker squeezed it out with a painful recession. This was not the best remedy, but it was the only remedy anyone was prepared to administer. Volcker's recession set the stage for Reagan's recovery. Renewed confidence in the currency is more responsible than tax cuts for the present boom in long-term investment.

The Republicans take credit for curbing inflation. "We did it," their platform says. But they blame the recession on a two-headed beast called "Carter-Mondale." A COS manifesto issued on the eve of the convention demands "an absolute commitment to pursue honest money," which it correctly calls the key to lower interest rates and long-term growth. Yet Chairman Gingrich says with contempt that, "One way we could in fact gain [against] the Japanese is to loan them Paul Volcker."

The gold standard is supposed to be an antiseptic solution to the problem of avoiding inflation without causing stagnation. As an "automatic pilot" device which avoids the risks of both human ineptitude and political pressure, it has some appeal. But a gold standard doesn't avoid the pain of tight money. It *is* tight money, as William Jennings Bryan memorably reminded an earlier convention. And while the gold standard avoids human vagaries, it has unpredictable vagaries of its own, which allowed rapid inflations and deflations long before Richard Nixon shut the gold window in 1971.

The Republican platform gloats that "those earning more than $50,000 pay a larger percentage of total income taxes than they did in 1980." An Urban Institute report released the same week reveals why. It's not the "free lunch" promised by supply-side economics—more revenue from lower taxes. Affluent people pay more of the income tax because affluent people have more of the income. Theirs has risen by 8.7 percent while that of the poorest fifth has declined by 7.6 percent and the median family's has stayed about even.

But this is all traditional economic thought, which Gingrich dismisses as "geriatric economics for a dying industrial economy." What we need, he says, is "pediatric economics for a baby-boom economy." Goo-goo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 10, 1984

THE REFORM PETARD

She says Ferraro, and he says Zaccaro, and now that the tax returns are on the table both of them no doubt hope they can call the whole scandal thing off. They can't—not quite, not yet. (Neither can Senator Mark Hatfield, who has his own morass of marital finance. More on him later.) There are still questions, and even after Geraldine Ferraro's hour-and-forty-minute press conference they will still have to be answered. The world now knows that John Zaccaro and his wife are rich—more so even than Barbara Bush and her husband, when measured by the standard of net worth (although the immense family fortune in the background of the Bushes' modest millions makes them "rich" in a way the Zaccaros can never be). The world also now knows that the Zaccaros pay taxes—to the tune of about 40 percent of their reported income, which is more or less standard for people in their income range but is astonishingly high for people who are "in" real estate, especially New York City real estate. The press conference performance of the Democratic nominee for Vice President—which for grit and drama simply blew away its TV competition, the stupefying convention of greedheads, Barbie dolls, and fundamentalist Ayatollahs in Dallas—was probably as good as it could have been under the circumstances. Ms. Ferraro showed grace and firmness under extreme pressure; and, as Robert Krulwich of National Public Radio pointed out, by the end she had contrived actually to bore her inquisitors—which was her intention, of course, and which did not prevent them from applauding her when she was done.

A good show. But the questions remain, and there are three large ones, two for Ms. Ferraro and one for her running mate. The questions for Ms. Ferraro involve the loan her husband illegally gave her for her first campaign for Congress, in 1978, and the financial statements she has filed as a member of Congress. First, how can she justify the curious sequence of events whereby, just when she needed $100,000 to pay back the illegal loan from her husband, a business partner of her husband's bought her interest in a building for precisely that amount, with the understanding that in due course Mr. Zaccaro would buy it back again at the new price, which was four times what Ms. Ferraro had originally paid five months before—but why go on? If this was laundering, it left a ring around the collar. Ms. Ferraro's defense boils down to an assertion that she didn't know about the arrangement.

Second question for Ms. Ferraro: How can she seriously contend that she derived "no benefit" from her business partnerships with her husband, as she maintained in claiming an exemption from Congressional disclosure requirements? She argues, in essence, that the law doesn't really mean "no benefit" but rather some benefit beyond the benefit wives generally get from their husbands' incomes. This argument gives us pause. But not very much. As the lawyers say, *res ipsa loquitur*—the thing speaks for itself. In the vernacular, it looks an awful lot like an open-and-shut case. The initial laws in question may be silly, but they are the law; and these are not matters on which civil disobedience is appropriate.

Beyond these main questions there are others, which are still small but might grow like skunk cabbage in Ms. Ferraro's garden. Why did the Zaccaros check the "no" box on a state form asking if they had been "fined by any governmental agency" when in fact they had paid a $750 fine assessed by the Federal Election Commission? And what are the precise relations between Mr. Zaccaro and figures in what is no longer called the Mafia? This is an especially painful subject: Ms. Ferraro is not only the first woman on a national ticket, she is also the first Italian-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American, and it would be a heavy blow if a connection with organized crime were to be made. We hope none will; but it may be that the tax returns of the Zaccaros' business partnerships, as well as their personal returns, will have to be aired before the matter can be laid to rest. It will do no good to leave a lingering impression of a family operation that is a little sharp, a little sloppy, a little messy around the edges. The Zaccaros still come across, on one level, as a fast-dealing Queens real estate man and his fast-talking pol moll.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Ms. Ferraro is right to stress that she has conscientiously sought to keep her finances distinct from her husband's; hence the filing of separate returns since 1978, at the cost of higher tax payments. More important, she is right to point out that the purpose of all these disclosure reforms (and campaign financing reforms, and reform reforms) is supposed to be to prevent politicians from using public office for private gain. And she is right that there has been no suggestion of anything like that in her case. She does not appear to be guilty of political corruption, strictly speaking. Messiness, carelessness, perhaps even transgressions against law of a rather technical character—those things, yes; but she is not, in Richard Nixon's deathless phrase, a crook.

The question for Walter Mondale is, quite simply, who's in charge here? Mr. Mondale made a big show of the "process" by which he chose a Vice Presidential running mate in the weeks between the California primary and the Democratic convention. The public was given to believe that teams of Mondale aides were fanning out all over the country, exhaustively going over the financial, political, and personal pasts of every man and woman on the list. Clearly this process was not all it was cracked up to be. Apparently the Mondale people failed even to look at the Ferraro financial forms on file in the House of Representatives. For Mr. Mondale, the doubts raised have nothing to do with ethics or propriety but with competence.

If the Democrats are being nickeled and dimed to death, they have mostly themselves to blame—not only because of fecklessness in various components of the Mondale-Ferraro operation, but also because it was largely Democrats who created the web in which they now find themselves enmeshed. The country has been in an extended fit of moralistic posturing ever since Watergate, and no one has joined in more enthusiastically than those liberal Democrats who troop so readily to the banner of what is called reform. It was precisely this spirit that animated the revamping of how we pay for elections, a process which, once the Supreme Court had chimed in with its view of what is constitutionally permissible, left us no freer from old-fashioned corrupt influences than we were before, while at the same time making us more dependent than ever on the clout of organized, as distinct from individual, big money.

One of the themes of the post-Nixon reform of our politics was "let it all hang out." Light the darkness and the people will find their way. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. And so on. Virtually unchallenged and also virtually unchallengeable, the doctrine of the disclosure of personal finances as remedy for public ills was from time to time questioned in these pages. (See, for example, "The Campaign Reform Failure" by Robert J. Samuelson, TNR, September 5, 1983.) That doctrine has been sometimes a diversion from more truly vexing issues of public policy, sometimes an instance of the liberal reflex of careless tinkering with procedures. (If it ain't broke, don't fix it, in the words one of the doctrine's victims, Bert Lance.) Interesting men and women have been turned away from the political vocation, we fear, by the relentless scrutiny to which the press and public, often out of no more than prurient or covetous curiosity, would submit their private lives and finances—not only theirs but their spouses' and children's too. If you purify the pond, a poet wrote, you kill the lilies. Do we really want a class of politicians made up wholly of people without skeletons in their closets? If we do, we'll get (and have already gotten) in our leaders what the Austrian novelist Robert Musils long ago envisioned, men (and women) without qualities.

The Democrats had hoped that the memory of the great Watergate scandal would trail the Republicans like the memory of the Great Depression. But scandal, like hypocrisy, is bipartisan. So during Jimmy Carter's tenure Mr. Lance was forced out of office for transgressions that can be considered large only if measured against the vicuña coat Bernard Goldfine gave Sherman Adams in the age of Ike. Still, greed is the official philosophy of the Republicans, and especially among Reagan Republicans there is no great breach between theory and practice. In their Washington almost anything goes. The sleaze factor, however insubstantial, however petty, was one nice, easy issue the Democrats had going for them. (See "The Reagan 45," TNR, April 16.) Ms. Ferraro has squandered it for them, but not before having tried to exploit it herself.

There is one-upsmanship in this moralism business: at her press conference Ms. Ferraro insisted that she has now disclosed more personal financial information than any candidate for national office has ever done, more certainly than is required by law. In some limited sense she may be right: the law does not require release of the tax returns of candidate or family—unless between this writing and this reading Senator Dole's threatened motherhood and apple pie amendment to the debt ceiling legislation requiring precisely the release of this data is thoughtlessly passed, just as so many other Pecksniffian ethics-in-government regulations have been passed by intimidated Congresses over the years.

THE CURRENT controversy is not over law but custom, and here the good government types administer a tyranny more stringent almost than any law. (There are some Congressional races in the country over which the Common Cause mentality exercises such moral authority that they are being fought over which contenders forswore perfectly legal contributions from PACs first and with greater fervor.) In delaying the release of her hus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band's tax returns, Ms. Ferraro offended large parts of a constituency which over the years has come to believe that government servants may keep no private secrets from their public. The Ferraro permutation is quite new, because never before has a nominee for national office not been the prime income earner for his—the adverb is exact—family. In candidate Ferraro's case, it's the spouse who brings home the bacon. And she did not help herself, at least with the ethnics whom she was designated to attract, when she put down her husband's initial recalcitrance on the tax question to the fact that he is an Italian man. It is a sign of the degradation of Democratic discourse that the entire campaign is now in its third week of being riveted by Ms. Ferraro's husband's money. We would have preferred to learn more about her political views; she would've preferred that too.

AT LEAST Ms. Ferraro has not masked her peccadilloes with some ideologic pretense. For this disguise for wrongdoing, we have had to wait for Republican Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, one of the most insufferably self-righteous men in Washington. A pillar of the prayer-breakfast subculture, he is a man whose métier is the unctuous reproach of his colleagues. It turns out that this man of rectitude deployed his influence as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on behalf of something called the Trans-African Pipeline Corporation, from whose principals Mrs. Hatfield received $55,000, hastily donated to charity as soon as the scandal surfaced. Why did Mr. Hatfield not pursue information that he had that the pipeline's chief entrepreneur was a convicted criminal? Since the pipeline was not a U.S. government project, the Senator believed it would be inappropriate to use Senate staff to follow up on those leads. How scrupulous. Why did Mr. Hatfield get involved in the venture in the first place? His answer reveals a boundless indecency. Explaining, as *The New York Times* reports, that both the Reagan and Carter Administrations had said that the use of tactical nuclear weapons would be considered if necessary to protect the flow of oil from the Middle East, Mr. Hatfield was convinced that another "oil pipeline would provide an alternate route for oil from the Persian Gulf and substantially reduce the risk of nuclear war." An inventive reason, but transparent nonsense: Wouldn't the use of nuclear weapons equally have to be considered to guarantee the supply of oil across the Trans-African pipeline? Even in the moment of his greatest disgrace Mr. Hatfield reflexively takes refuge in a fatuous and flatulent idealism. He's just not serious, and the exploitation of the nuclear horror to exculpate himself from a shabby scandal proves it. Such a windbag should be retired.

And as for Ms. Ferraro's troubles, they will perhaps result in some calming of the tic of "reform" among the Democrats, reflecting a new understanding that some of the greatest of our past Presidents and politicians would very likely have ended up off the ticket, if not actually in jail, had they been subjected to the high-minded moral hazing now thought indispensable to civic virtue.

GUATEMALA GAIN

Something good may be happening in Guatemala—and that is news indeed. That sad and suffering little country, sandwiched between Mexico and El Salvador, has in recent years been the scene of frightful violence, most of it directed against poor Indian villagers, much of it officially perpetrated, and nearly all of it officially sanctioned. Political life has been limited to military coups and violent repression. But the times may be changing in Guatemala. There was an election for a constituent assembly on July 1—an election in which there was no official military party and no intervention by the army, and in which, by all accounts, the voting and the counting were honest.

Our colleague Lucy Komisar, who has just returned from Guatemala, reports that center and center-left political leaders there are beginning to think that something akin to democracy is now a real possibility. According to them, the army may now be genuinely willing to return to the barracks, having understood that this is the only way the country can restore its prestige and open the door to international markets and foreign—meaning mostly American—aid. The leaders of the Guatemalan military have no desire to subject themselves to the fate of their counterparts in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

There are plentiful signs of stirrings of change. In July the government pardoned fifty-six prisoners who had been jailed by the secret courts of General Efraín Ríos Montt, the ousted junta leader. The massacres of Indian villages have ended, and the ambience of generalized violence is gone. Foreign Minister Fernando Andrade, emphasizing the improvement, told Ms. Komisar, "Two years ago it was terrible. I myself was thinking of leaving Guatemala."

To be sure, the country still has a very long way to go. The election results revealed a disaffected public. The total of null, unused, and blank votes was 26.5 percent, higher than that received by any party. (The Christian Democrats got 15.6 percent, the centrist National Center Union 13 percent, and the rightist National Liberation Movement-National Authentic Center 12 percent; candidates of the left, even the moderate-left Social Democrats, were excluded by the knowledge that they'd be killed if they returned from exile.) Moreover, individuals continue to be killed or kidnapped. People are still afraid. Trade unionists note that no labor leaders have disappeared since the elections, but it is still very dangerous to strike, organizers in many areas are jailed, and military permission and presence is often required for meetings.

The next test will come when the constituent assembly writes a constitution and it falls to the government to put it into effect. The constitution must define the right of private property, which will determine whether or not there can be agrarian reform. It must decide whether all parties will be legalized. It must define the role of the army and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decide whether it will remain autonomous or under civil power. It must establish the rights of trade unions. And it must consider guarantees of habeas corpus and mechanisms to protect citizens' rights.

Pressure exerted by the United States was decisive in bringing about the elections and in reducing the violations of human rights, and that pressure must continue if backsliding is to be prevented. Congress can do this by sending Guatemala the economic aid the Administration has requested, while holding off approving the proposed $10 million in military assistance until after a constitution is adopted and a democratically elected government takes power. That would be a judicious way for the United States to give the government of Guatemala the praise it deserves for having taken a long first step, while making it clear that more such steps ought to be taken.

NOTEBOOK

□ IN THE COURSE OF LISTING Republican convention speakers in last week's editorial ("The Big Tune-Out," September 3), we mentioned the chairman of the National Black Republican Council, LeGree Daniels, and asked parenthetically, "can that really be his name?" The answer is still yes (our question was rhetorical), but we got one thing wrong. It really is *her* name.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The most notorious case in what is being called the 'harassment of the arts' in New York is that of Lenny Bruce. His present trial for obscenity climaxes a six-month lockout of Lower East Side art activities. Theaters have been padlocked, coffee shops driven out of business, summonses served, arrests made. In less than a decade, the *avant-garde* has transformed itself from a secret brotherhood of hipsters living dangerously in the deep shadows of hatred and fear of authority, to a band of beat 'saints' welcoming a showdown in the courts—where they expect to triumph either legally or morally through martyrdom. Lenny Bruce, who turned up in court looking like a bearded rabbi in the garb of the concentration camp, was once an impeccably groomed, stylishly accoutred Broadway entertainer who projected his satiric images of American society with typical professional aplomb. But when he found that his audiences were kissing the rod with which he flailed them, he insisted on drawing blood instead of pocketing his $5,000 a week and going on with the show. He demanded, 'How many niggers we got here tonight?' or threatened to urinate on the audience. Eventually, he punched through the mask of the funny man and the satirist and emerged as a furious and sometimes frightening shaman, struggling, with the aid of lights, drums, chants and surreal fantasy, to exorcise the demons of the national conscience." ("The Trial Of Lenny Bruce," by Albert Goldman, September 12, 1964.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BEYOND REAGAN

Dallas

ACCORDING TO officials at the White House and the Reagan-Bush reelection committee, the takeover of the 1984 Republican platform by conservative firebrands is of little consequence. These officials say that they were too busy assuring that women got nearly half the seats at the convention (final count: 48.9 percent) to concern themselves with the makeup of the platform committee. Had they wanted to fight over taxes and Fed-bashing, the President's people say, they could have beaten the conservatives, but they preferred to avoid a bloodletting.

"Who reads platforms, anyway?" was a line repeated over and over by Reagan aides and Republican moderates who lost out on issue after platform issue to a coalition of supply-side true believers and social-issue conservatives the week before the Republican convention began in Dallas. Reagan aides said that, in spite of the platform's absolute ruling out of any tax increases, advocacy of still further massive tax cuts, and veiled threats to the independence of the Federal Reserve Board, the President was not bound by the document and would do what he thought was necessary in a second term.

This version of reality is sound as far as it goes, but it may well conceal a deeper message about the future of the Republican Party, both in a second Reagan term if there is one and in the race for the 1988 Presidential nomination. The fact is that the platform takeover was the product of a well-planned and executed year-long campaign by a committed group, led by Representative Jack Kemp of New York, which has specific policy goals to press upon the Reagan Administration and Congress during the next four years. More important, its members have the energy, conviction, and charisma—and the courage to challenge the establishment—that could make it the dominant force in the Republican Party in four years.

Right now, according to the conventional wisdom, Vice President George Bush is the front-runner for the 1988 Republican nomination. A poll by the *Dallas Morning News* showed Bush the favorite of 48 percent of 1984 delegates to 26 percent for Kemp, 16 percent for Senator Howard Baker, 5-plus percent each for Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole and her husband, Senator Robert Dole. Bush has obvious advantages for 1988 by being Vice President, but he has the disadvantage of being a moderate-conservative in a field crowded with the breed. Kemp, a mere Congressman from New York, is already running second, and he is the lone supply-sider among the top contenders.

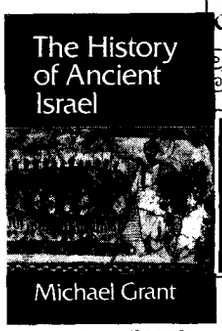
"The future depends entirely on the model," says Jude Wanniski, the former *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer who is one of the key theologians in the Kemp-led "opportunity society" movement. Wanniski is talking about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVINGS THAT GO DOWN IN HISTORY

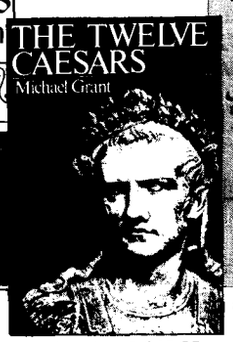
TAKE ANY 3 FOR 99¢ EACH

(with trial membership)

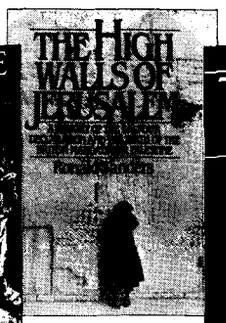


8474. $19.95/**$14.50**

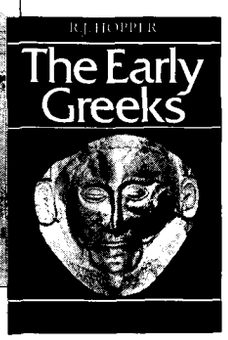
1859. $15.00/**$10.50**



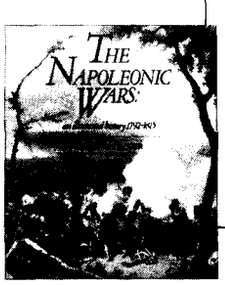
5652. $15.95/**$10.95**



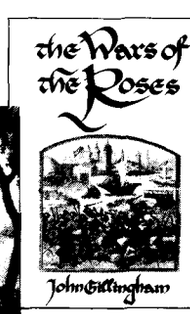
8235. $24.95/**$16.50**



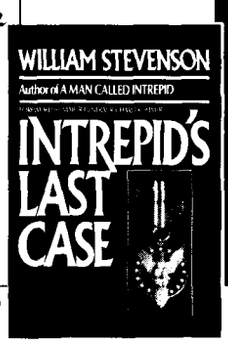
5504. $25.00/**$13.00**



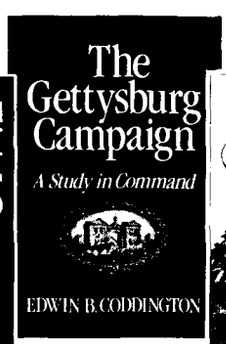
7849. $22.50/**$12.95**



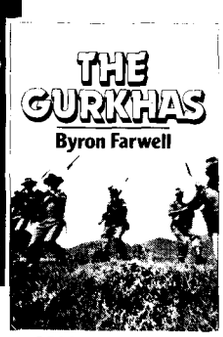
4820. $20.00/**$13.50**



8391. $16.95/**$12.95**

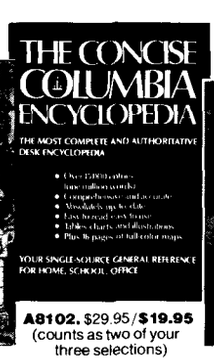


8862. $40.00/**$22.95**

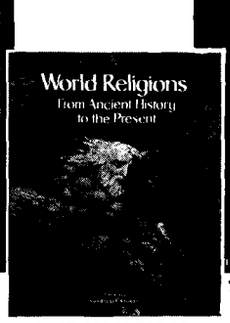


8508. $17.95/**$12.95**

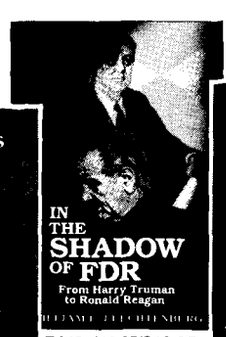
7450. $25.00/**$16.50**



A8102. $29.95/**$19.95**
(counts as two of your three selections)



8649. $29.95/**$16.95**



7419. $19.95/**$13.95**

6668. $19.95/**$13.95**

(First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** shows Members' Price.)

FALLEN EMPIRES FLOURISHING LEGACIES

8912. **Life In Egypt Under Roman Rule.** *By Naphtali Lewis.* Describes the public and private lives of the Egyptian people. $29.95/**$19.95**

8672. **The Return Of Martin Guerre.** *By Natalie Davis.* Adds new dimensions to an irresistible tale. $15.00/**$11.95**

4952. **Robin Hood.** *By J. C. Holt.* $17.95/**$12.50**

5058. **The Life And Times Of Grigorii Rasputin.** *By Alex de Jonge.* $17.95/**12.95**

5736. **From Alexander To Cleopatra: The Hellenistic World.** *By Michael Grant.* $19.95/**$13.95**

AGGRESSION, CONFLICT AND DIPLOMACY

8581. **Somme.** *By Lyn Macdonald.* Full of little-known episodes and telling details about this tragic World War I battle. $19.95/**$14.50**

6833. **The Name Of The Rose.** *By Umberto Eco.* $15.95/**$11.95**

7559. **The Lincoln Murder Conspiracies.** *By William Hanchett.* Unravels the tangle of supposition and hard evidence surrounding this murderous act. $18.50/**$13.50**

8664. **Victorian Pubs.** *By Mark Girouard.* A witty book full of insights of the great age of the English pub. $35.00/**$25.00**

8490. **The Indian Frontier Of The American West, 1846-1890.** *By Robert M. Utley.* $19.95/**$13.95**

SHAPING HISTORY: THE MEN AND THE ISSUES

3012. **The Bible As History.** *By Werner Keller.* $14.95/**$10.95**

4663. **Richard III.** *By Charles Ross.* $24.50/**$13.95**

4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: 15th-18th Century.** *By Fernand Braudel.* $31.95/**$15.50**

8144. **Eminent Elizabethans.** *By A.L. Rowse.* $19.00/**$13.50**

6239. **The Wheels Of Commerce: 15th- To 18th-Century Civilization And Capitalism.** *By Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$15.95**

CA84L

No matter what areas of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings—an average of 33% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any 3 books on this page for 99¢ each (values up to $110.00) when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club Works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150-200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy reprints," and available at savings of $3, $4, $5, or more, off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through Bonus Books that you may choose from our entire list.

Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage-and-packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

The History Book Club, Dept. N,
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage-and-packing.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years *(not counting my choices above).* Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NU-13SK

Print Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. Address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic model of tax cuts (or, "economic freedom," as the movement puts it) which is supposed to stimulate such a burst of enterprise and investment as to pay off budget deficits, employ the jobless, and launch a new golden age of prosperity for both America and the rest of the world.

A second part of the model, which is not yet well understood by the public, is that prosperity would be guaranteed by a return to "sound money" whose value would be stabilized by being tied again to the price of gold. This glorious vision has obvious political appeal in the Republican Party because it begins by allowing rich people to keep more of their money. But it also contains a promise of hope—whether valid or empty—for non-rich younger people who are worried that the inflation-prone Democratic welfare state and recession-causing conventional Republican "austerity economics" offer them a future mired in stagnation.

The "supply-side" or "opportunity society" group thinks its model is working under President Reagan, but is constantly in danger of being torpedoed by conventional economic thinkers in the White House, the Treasury, the Congress, the Federal Reserve, and the press, who are so transfixed by the specters of inflation and budget deficits that they will raise taxes and/or cut down on money supply and choke off growth. So last August, according to Wanniski, some of the leading lights of the opportunity movement gathered beside Kemp's pool in Bethesda, Maryland, for a strategy session aimed at the 1984 Republican platform and the Congressional agenda for 1985-88.

REPORTEDLY THERE WAS some disagreement at the session over whether Kemp should introduce his own proposal for tax reform or join in a bipartisan campaign with Democratic Senator Bill Bradley and Representative Richard Gephardt, who are the authors of a plan to close tax loopholes and lower tax rates. Neoconservative philosopher Irving Kristol reportedly advocated the bipartisan course and also urged Kemp not to make a major issue of the gold standard on the grounds that the public would never understand it. Kristol was opposed by Wanniski and by Lewis Lehrman, the former New York gubernatorial candidate who may also run for President in 1988. Wanniski says he argued that monetary policy could be and should be made a popular, indeed "populist" issue.

Kemp followed that advice and introduced, with Senator Robert Kasten of Wisconsin, a "modified flat tax" proposal that is more regressive than Bradley-Gephardt, and also a gold-standard-resumption bill. These proposals formed the rally points for action on the platform and will be the focus of "opportunity society" agitation in 1985 and beyond.

Politically, the supply-siders joined with their sometime allies, the New Right conservatives, to see to it that their friends in various states were appointed to the platform committee. The chairmanship of the committee went to Kemp's best friend in Congress, Representative Trent Lott of Mississippi, who conceivably could become a supply-side Presidential candidate. Lott picked Kasten to head the economic subcommittee. Kasten remained to be persuaded on the gold issue; this was accomplished in part by Kasten's Senate aide, Elise Paylin, and clinched by Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia at another dinner at Kemp's home.

It is not true to say that the White House was unaware of what was happening. As reported by James McCartney of Knight-Ridder newspapers, Lott was a kind of double agent in the affair. He was in league with the Kemp forces to get the platform written their way, but he was also keeping the White House informed about what was happening. By the time the platform committee met, however, there was little that the White House could do to prevent supply-side-ism from dominating the proceedings. The best that Presidential representative Drew Lewis could do was to soften wording here and there.

THE PLATFORM completely rejects any tax increases, and calls for new tax cuts primarily targeted to the well-off, including expanded I.R.A.s, lower tax rates on interest income, indexation of capital assets, and elimination of double taxation of corporate dividends. It does not specifically endorse the gold standard, but mentions it—which the supply-siders count as a victory. It offers lower-income persons a higher personal exemption and a larger earned-income exclusion, but it also declares that the party "pledges to continue our efforts . . . to eliminate the incentive-destroying effects of graduated tax rates." President Reagan has been trying to hide the fact that his tax rates are regressive; the supply-siders exult in the fact. According to Gingrich, this is part of "the model." He admits that supply-side-ism is based on providing rewards for the rich. "There is no equitable model that works," he says. "But if the inequitable model can really provide jobs and an opportunity for the economy to grow and poor people to get out of poverty, will you be against it?"

Those are big "ifs," on which depend the future of supply-side Republicanism. Conventional economists believe the model can't work and will lead to disaster even in its limited Reaganite form. The next move for the supply-siders, assuming that Reagan is elected, is to get recalcitrant conventional thinkers out of the Reagan Administration, starting with Beryl Sprinkel, the Undersecretary of the Treasury for monetary affairs, whom the supply-siders accuse of pushing austerity measures both on the Administration and foreign countries.

Supply-siders claim they have few quarrels with top officials of the Administration, including those nemeses of the New Right, White House Chief of Staff James Baker and his deputy, Richard Darman. Baker and Darman are moderate to liberal on the social issues—abortion and the E.R.A.—that form the top of the New Right's agenda, but they are deemed educable by many supply-siders.

One leader of the movement said, "Baker and Darman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are comparatively young. They want to be influential in the party for years to come. If we are the wave of the future, they are not going to stand in our way." Some supply-siders note with pleasure that it was principally Darman who made life difficult for conventional economist Martin Feldstein, who as the President's chief economic adviser urged a program of tax increases.

The agenda of the opportunity gang after the election includes getting some of their own appointed to Feldstein's old job and to some other key subcabinet posts, and pressuring the Administration to adopt their policy prescriptions. If necessary, the group is prepared to lead resistance against any attempt by the Administration to increase taxes in violation of the platform.

AND WHAT ABOUT 1988? Kemp told me in an interview that he is not thinking about 1988. They all say that, of course, but there is something a little different about Kemp. Besides being ambitious for himself, he is ambitious for his idea. "My old football coach, Sid Gilman, used to tell me, 'You, as a quarterback, are supposed to go for first downs. If you do that, the touchdowns will take care of themselves.' That's what I try to do, rather than throwing bombs and getting into trouble." If this is any more than just a football story for Rotarians and reporters from the former star of the San Diego Chargers and Buffalo Bills, it means that the step-by-step fulfillment of Kemp's policy agenda is the best formula for getting Kemp to the Presidency, in contrast to the conventional politicians' approach of climbing from job to job.

George Bush and Walter Mondale are the quintessential ladder-climbers, and as one key Bush supporter noted, Bush does not have the Mondale advantage of being backed by institutions with the power of organized labor. Nor, this friend noted, does Bush have Kemp's charisma or the time to spend over the next four years personally meeting every third voter in New Hampshire.

Howard Baker, who does have the time now that he is retiring from the Senate, apparently does not plan to spend four straight years campaigning, but will work for the party and for 1986 Congressional candidates and then begin a Presidential effort—if he isn't appointed Secretary of State first—two years from now. Baker is the refreshing sort of politician who would like to be President and is better qualified than anyone, but doesn't live and die for it.

The prospects of both Baker and Senator Robert Dole seem to rest, like Kemp's, on the success of the supply-side model. If Reaganomics succeeds, a Baker adviser admitted, "Kemp will end up being the mainstream of the Republican Party. If it fails, you've tossed the ball in the air and it's anybody's chance." Baker and Dole, as the party's primary defenders of traditional Republican economics and doubters of supply-side-ism, presumably would be in the best position to catch the ball. Dole, though, may yet decide not to run, opening the way for his wife, who is also a moderate. Poor George Bush, with all of his positional advantages, would seem to lose out either way—to Baker-Dole if Reaganism fails, to Kemp if it succeeds.

Kemp, too, says that "my future is linked to the ideas I've been talking about. . . . The person who's got the best chance for 1988 is not just the person who's closest to the center of gravity of the party, but to the truth, who can communicate these ideas and arouse support for them. Leadership is not telling people what you're against, but what you're for, the way Reagan did in 1980."

While George Bush has seniority going for him—and Republicans are an orderly group that tends to observe the rule of waiting in line—my guess is that the heart, gut, and pocketbook of the Republican Party is with Kemp.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Bias in the South African courts.

APARTHEID JUSTICE

LAST YEAR the State Department went out of its way to praise the South African judiciary for a ruling that appeared to advance the civil rights of that country's oppressed black majority. The official statement spoke of the values shared by South Africa and the United States, as exemplified by South Africa's system of an independent judiciary operating under the rule of law. This description summons up a splendid image of South African judges heroically enforcing justice despite prevailing attitudes, as U.S. federal judges did in the South during the 1950s and 1960s. To anyone familiar with South African courts that is a preposterous notion. Beyond the fact that the judges wear black robes, there is little resemblance to a system of justice as we know it.

Consider the following cases, which occurred during the last fifteen months. A white youth who battered a black man to death with karate sticks was ordered to serve 1,200 hours in prison on weekends. According to trial testimony, 20-year-old Ronnie Johannes Van Der Merwe was walking down the street with his girlfriend and bragged that he felt like killing a "houtkop" (blockhead)—a derogatory term some Afrikaners apply to blacks. He brutally beat to death the next black man he encountered. The judge said Van Der Merwe could be partially excused for his actions because he was upset that his parents were considering a divorce. The case received little notice in the press. "This is totally demeaning to us," a black journalist complained privately. "They treated the case as if someone had wantonly killed a dog."

In another case three young white men were tried for kicking a black man to death because they thought he might have been tampering with their car. They were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentenced to five cuts with a cane, a punishment still used in South Africa on occasion. A Johannesburg newspaper quoted one of the defendants as saying that he laughed after the caning because he got off so lightly.

Earlier this summer, a South African judge acquitted a white man on murder charges for having killed a black man who was apparently attempting to steal forty-nine cents of milk money. The judge said that the defendant had performed a civic service and that he probably deserved a medal, since a rash of milk money thefts in the neighborhood had ceased since the killing.

In contrast, two black musicians were sent to jail for four years because the security police detected that during a concert they included in their music some verses praising Nelson Mandela, the leader of the outlawed African National Congress, who is serving a life sentence for subversion. In another case a few months ago, a black factory worker was given an eighteen-month jail sentence because his tea mug was inscribed with an A.N.C. slogan. The judge said he was "tempering justice with mercy" by suspending a further eighteen months in jail. Two months ago a union leader was sent to prison for two years for possessing a political pamphlet published by an outlawed black power group.

Statistics show that apartheid is maintained even at the gallows. Out of one hundred people hanged last year, ninety-nine were black. According to a study published in the *South African Law Journal*, the major factor in whether someone will hang is not so much his race as the race of the victim. The study concluded that if a black murders a white, the probability of a trip to the gallows is very high.

ONE FINDS the same brand of justice in Namibia, which South Africa rules in defiance of the United Nations. Black leaders in Namibia were outraged when a white farmer was given a six-year jail term with the clear possibility of time off for good behavior after being convicted of torturing a black worker to death. The farmer, Andries Von Rooyen, kept the 18-year-old victim, Thomas Kasire, in chains for three days, beat him regularly, and cut off his ear. Von Rooyen, holding the smaller, mutilated victim by a chain around his neck, posed for photos taken by his brother. One black churchman told a local newspaper that published the photo that he was physically sickened when he saw the pictures. In passing sentence, the South African judge noted in mitigation that Von Rooyen was having trouble with his wife and had been drinking.

Also in Namibia, two soldiers were fined $40 each after having been found guilty of beating a black villager, raping his wife, and roasting him over his own cooking fire. During a trip to the war zone on the Angolan-Namibian border, I located the victim, Peter Kapitango, in a remote mission clinic near the settlement of Mpungu Vlei. He had had to have his arm amputated because of the burns. He was very weak and could hardly stand.

The South African court ruling that the United States praised so fulsomely involved a black man named Tom Rikhoto. Because he had worked for one white employer continuously for ten years, Rikhoto was granted the rare right to live in the black township adjoining the city in which he is employed. (Under the Pretoria government's long-range scheme most blacks will be moved to "tribal homelands," typically in remote areas, and will lose their South African citizenship.) The minister in charge of black affairs had threatened to have Parliament overturn the ruling, as it had done many times in the past when a court decision appeared to threaten the government's discretion in regulating blacks. But following the praise from the State Department, the South African government abandoned this approach. Instead, it enacted a law stating that anyone obtaining "urban rights" must demonstrate that he has legal housing in the black township. Since there is a backlog of thousands of housing applications and a waiting list of ten years or more for the black townships, this effectively undercut the court ruling.

Although South Africa fully acknowledges that its society is based on race, the laws are supposed to be applied without regard to color. Yet despite all the day-to-day evidence of bias in the South African courts, most people—white and black—rarely question the prevailing view that courts are sanctuaries of justice in an otherwise unjust society. So Helen Suzman, the longest-serving opposition member of Parliament, caused a storm of controversy recently when she suggested in Parliament that some judges are notoriously biased against blacks and in favor of right-wing offenders. She singled out some judges well-known to lawyers for those views. She noted that one judge, H. P. Van Dyk, sentenced a young white woman to ten years in jail for being a member of the A.N.C., even though she was a first offender and was not charged with any violent acts. She compared this to another case heard by the same judge in which members of the neo-fascist Afrikaner Weerstandbeweging (A.W.B.—Afrikaner Resistance Movement)—found in possession of grenades, landmines, and AK-47 rifles, and tried on terrorism and arms charges—received suspended sentences. Mrs. Suzman cited evidence, brought out in a related trial, that the organization had planned the assassination of black churchmen, including Bishop Desmond Tutu, an outspoken opponent of apartheid and head of the South African Council of Churches. The A.W.B. is a violent white supremacist organization, she said, with a swastika-like symbol and a salute modeled on that of the Nazis. But Justice Van Dyk had ruled that no useful purpose would be served by sending the defendants to jail, since they are "civilized and decent people."

Several outraged members of Parliament from the ruling National Party attempted to rule Mrs. Suzman out of order for her remarks, saying that the country's judges deserved praise, not criticism. Which is apparently what the U.S. government believes.

NEIL LEWIS

Neil Lewis, who recently spent a year and a half in South Africa, is a Washington writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How his lawyers' gamble paid off.

DELOREAN DELIRIUM

THE JURY'S aquittal of John DeLorean after a twenty-two-week trial during which prosecutors ran and reran videotapes on which he joined federal undercover agents in planning a multimillion-dollar cocaine deal was a uniquely American phenomenon. Tass, the Soviet news agency, accustomed to trials in which the government predetermines the outcome, was totally mystified by the result. (Fumbling for an explanation, Tass finally came up with this: the acquittal proved that United States law-enforcement authorities had been making "hypocritical claims that they were out to suppress drug trafficking," and illustrated the tendency of American courts to "stand up for the interests of big business.") There is surely no other country in the world where government prosecutors could pour vast resources into a highly publicized criminal trial, present evidence as telling as the DeLorean videotapes—and then be not only frustrated in their efforts to jail the accused but also reprimanded, in effect, by the judgment of twelve ordinary citizens for immoral or unfair conduct.

Why jurors vote as they do in a criminal case frequently remains a mystery. Courts have become increasingly reluctant to permit interviews of jurors after a verdict for fear that such access may lead to bribery, threats, or other corrupt attempts to impugn the verdict. Most federal courts now have rules explicitly prohibiting lawyers or parties from speaking to jurors about their verdict. When a jury acquits, however, the usual restrictions are relaxed. With the approval of the trial judge, the DeLorean jury gave the public a glimpse into the reasons why the prosecution lost what once seemed to be an airtight case. Eight jurors spoke with reporters immediately after the verdict, and a number of them gave television interviews that appeared on the following day's news.

The overriding theme sounded by several jurors was that the "entrapment" defense did the trick. A few jurors insisted that the prosecution had not even proved that DeLorean had been involved in any cocaine conspiracy at all. But there was agreement that if not for the claim that DeLorean had been illegally lured into committing the crime, the result would probably have been a hung jury.

DeLorean's skilled trial lawyers, Howard Weitzman and Donald Re, broke many conventional litigation axioms in their successful high-risk effort. When DeLorean was first arrested and the existence of videotapes was disclosed, no experienced trial lawyer would have believed that DeLorean had any chance of extricating himself from this predicament without taking the witness stand. The common assumption was that only if a jury bought his explanation, under oath, of what he was doing and what was going through his mind while the filmed meetings were taking place could it find him not guilty.

There has long been a hot debate among lawyers who defend "white-collar" criminal cases as to whether it is essential, in the ordinary fraud or corruption case, to have the jury hear from the defendant personally. There is, of course, a constitutional right not to testify, and the judge, if requested to do so by defense counsel, has to instruct the jury that a defendant's failure to take the stand may not be held against him in any way. But most experienced trial lawyers believe that this is an instruction that jurors disregard, and that the common-sense, man-in-the-street reaction is, "If he has nothing to hide, why didn't he testify?" I have heard experienced defense lawyers go so far as to insist that they will *never* go to trial in defense of a fraud case if their client will not testify.

DeLorean's lawyers chose not to put him on the stand. This may have been because his explanation of the videotaped meetings would not have been sufficiently convincing, and his testimony and cross-examination would have returned the jury's attention to the damning videotapes. The defense's trial strategy was to focus almost entirely on the prosecution's flaws, and on misrepresentations and irregularities that the overzealous investigators and prosecutors had perpetrated. The defense case was highly streamlined. Its main emphasis was not on DeLorean's state of mind but on the intent and techniques of his pursuers. That strategy is frequently viewed as a tactic of desperation: if you can't defend your client on the evidence, pound the table and attack the prosecutor. In DeLorean's case, however, the tactic worked. Government agents reluctantly admitted in court that they had backdated documents, destroyed original notes, and improperly withheld embarrassing information. The defense painted a convincing picture of F.B.I. agents and prosecutors participating in an unsavory race for headlines and public acclaim. A turncoat agent described the effort to get DeLorean as a campaign in which the ends justified the use of any means whatever, no matter how repulsive. The entire jury apparently agreed with the quoted sentiment of one of them that "the way the government agents operated in this case was not appropriate."

ALTHOUGH THEY insisted that they had listened carefully to the judge's instructions on entrapment, their public comments disclosed that they had really misunderstood the legal defense. There was a time when the Supreme Court's principles regarding entrapment seemed to focus on the morality or legality of the government's conduct. Under that approach, the defense was entitled to win if the investigators acted too improperly. A 1976 Supreme Court decision explicitly repudiated that understanding of the entrapment defense. The critical question, said a majority of the Court, was not the morality of the government's conduct. Rather, it was whether an otherwise well-intentioned and honest individual, who was initially unwilling to violate the law, had been induced to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commit the offense by the persuasion of a government agent.

Under this test, DeLorean was on very shaky ground. Nothing he said during the videotaped meetings suggested he had been unwilling to go along with the cocaine transaction. Once he even turned down an explicit invitation to back out of the deal. The defense lawyers implied that there had been earlier conversations that had not been taped during which DeLorean's initial unwillingness had been overcome by the threats and inducements of the government's star witness. The witness, a cocaine smuggler who had been a neighbor of DeLorean's, testified that the car manufacturer had started discussion with him about a narcotics transaction. The defense mounted a heavy barrage against the witness in many days of cross-examination and demonstrated that there was ample reason to think him a liar. But the jury never heard any other version of the initial meetings because DeLorean did not testify. This may have been the most startling departure from conventional trial lawyers' wisdom. Can a defense of entrapment be presented effectively without the testimony of the defendant as to what was said to him to induce him to participate in the criminal conspiracy? Before DeLorean, you probably couldn't find one criminal trial lawyer in a thousand who would have thought it possible.

LAWYERS ARE fond of saying that hard cases make bad law. General principles that produce sensible results in run-of-the-mill situations are unsuited for the unusual or "hard" case. For similar reasons, extraordinary trials challenge the conventional rules followed by litigators. Weitzman and Re showed a willingness to be daring in an extraordinarily difficult case. DeLorean was lucky to draw Judge Robert Takasugi, one of the most fair-minded federal judges in Los Angeles, for his case. His lawyers persuaded the open-minded jurist that the immense publicity given to the case justified a lengthy individualized interrogation of potential jurors. The defense then had the courage to keep on the jury a former California highway patrolman, despite the commonly accepted notion that law-enforcement officers favor the prosecution and are hostile to defendants. The officer became foreman of the jury and was, apparently, a strong advocate of a not-guilty verdict. The lawyers explained that they concluded from their questioning of the patrolman that he appeared to be "thoughtful" and therefore receptive to their line of defense.

There will surely be much speculation over whether a similar jury verdict could have been obtained outside California. The consistent rejection of analogous—if not stronger—claims of entrapment and impropriety in the numerous Abscam trials, which were held in New York, Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, is some indication that East Coast jurors are more tolerant of government setups, and less inclined to excuse defendants who cannot resist temptation, than Californians. An unusual feature of the DeLorean case was the jury's equanimity. In its twenty-nine hours of deliberations, spread leisurely over seven days, the jury came back with no questions to the judge and no suggestion of any real disagreement. The jurors reported that they went carefully through the evidence and voted only once to achieve their unanimous verdict on all eight counts. For a jury to be so harmonious after such a stormy trial is almost unheard of.

The outcome has its ironies. Although jurors said they were conveying their disapproval to the prosecutors, the Department of Justice sounds singularly unrepentant. Attorney General William French Smith said that federal prosecutors would not be deterred by "an acquittal in one case" from using established undercover practices in other investigations. Smith noted that DeLorean's codefendant, a pilot who was caught up in the sting aimed at the millionaire auto manufacturer, had pleaded guilty to six counts of the indictment. The prosecutors did not call him as a witness—a sign that his testimony would not have been helpful to the government. The brunt of the Justice Department's anger over DeLorean's acquittal may now fall on his codefendant's shoulders. The prosecutors may blame their failure in DeLorean's trial on the codefendant's refusal to cooperate, and may ask the judge to make his sentence more severe.

On the other side, DeLorean's victory is likely to be only a brief respite from the courts. A federal grand jury in Detroit is said to be on the verge of returning an indictment—which depends on no sting operation—for fraud, and there are many civil claims being pressed by creditors. DeLorean's lawyers deserve to be paid handsomely for their successful efforts, but the American public is not likely to succumb to DeLorean's facetious request that everyone send him a two-dollar contribution. Congressman Don Edwards of California maintains that the verdict is reason to enact legislation placing restrictions on undercover operations, such as requiring a judge's approval in advance.

Reformers might be better advised to press for legislation that would pay the attorneys' fees of acquitted defendants in federal criminal cases. The emotional and professional harm done to an individual by an indictment and criminal trial in a federal court may not be quantifiable, and it may be undesirable for the federal treasury to compensate him for these injuries. But why, in this age of escalating legal costs, should a defendant who is found innocent after a full trial be expected to bear the crushing burden of his legal fees? Shouldn't a civilized society recognize that the government that has publicly accused an individual should absorb the actual costs of his defense if the accused is exonerated after a full trial?

NATHAN LEWIN

Nathan Lewin, a TNR contributing editor, is a Washington trial lawyer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After a long silence, black leaders face the dilemma of teenage pregnancy and single parent families.

CHILDREN AS PARENTS

BY ANN HULBERT

IN THE basement of the Greater Harlem Y.M.C.A. the girls enrolled in Project Redirection, a well-publicized program for poor adolescent mothers, are getting used to answering not only their babies' wails but also questions from researchers, policy analysts, and journalists. One Friday afternoon, in fact, a 3-year-old's yell echoed a basic question many are now asking about black teenage parenthood, an all but untouchable subject until quite recently. Glued to Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video—a Friday treat—Dimitri and his 11-month-old brother watched Jackson gallantly offer his girlfriend a ring and then suddenly melt into the shape of a monster. "Mommy, Mommy," he shouted to his 18-year-old mother as the old-fashioned wholesomeness on the screen turned scary, "what's happening?"

Dimitri's mother is one of the roughly 133,700 black teenage girls who didn't have rings but did have babies in 1980. Almost one in four black teenagers will join her in premarital motherhood by the time they are 18. Like Dimitri, one in every four black babies will be born to teenage mothers; one in eight black children will be born to girls 17 or younger. Dimitri's little brother has company, too: nearly a third of the black teenage mothers who've had one baby have a second before they're 20. The fathers involved certainly aren't monsters. Mostly, they're just missing from the scene, or haunting its outskirts. Some are proud to acknowledge their paternity, others unwilling; few are able to help support their children.

Parenthood among unwed teenagers is not a sudden development in the black community. In fact the birthrate among black adolescents in the United States has fallen slightly over the past decade; yet it hasn't dropped as much as the birthrate among older black women, and it is still by far the highest rate among teenagers in the developed world. (It is twice that of white teenage girls in this country, who are alarmingly fertile themselves.) Thus children and their young mothers, most of them single and many of them under 18, remain a disproportionately large fact of black family life.

What is new, unexpected, and important is the recent black response to the problem. After twenty years during which talk of the black family's plight was taboo, black leaders are calling attention to the disturbing numbers of single black mothers and fathers—and particularly to the children with children among them. "It is an altogether different species of problem than the others that have absorbed our energies as a people," Eleanor Holmes Norton, a law professor at Georgetown University and a former chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, has said. "It is often shrouded in silence. It sometimes bristles with sensitivity."

That silence began in 1965 after Daniel Patrick Moynihan's ill-fated report to President Johnson on the black family's problems was circulated, attacked, and buried—all in a few months' time. It ended definitively this year, when black leaders and organizations publicly and purposefully pulled off the shroud by convening a Black Family Summit at Fisk University in Nashville in May. Sponsored by the National Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. and attended by an array of scholars and representatives of national black groups, the conference put the plight of the family high on the black community's social agenda.

The alarming evidence of family trouble is now out in the open: 47 percent of all black families are headed by women without husbands; 56 percent of all black babies are born out of wedlock, almost 40 percent of them to teenagers. Those single mothers and their children, whose numbers have been growing rapidly for two decades, are being left behind in poverty while black married couples are moving into the middle class. If the facts are now more forthrightly stated, so are the judgments. In its annual report, the National Urban League called this an "ominous trend," and last year Mrs. Norton, one of the earliest to speak out, called it "a natural catastrophe in our midst."

Twenty years ago, when Moynihan, then an Assistant Secretary of Labor, warned of the catastrophe, "only" about a quarter of black families were headed by women; a similar proportion of black babies were born out of wedlock. As Moynihan knew, calling attention to these facts would be controversial. When private family affairs become public issues, it makes Americans uneasy; add race, and it puts us even more on edge. Yet Moynihan in fact said very little that black sociologists before him hadn't already written. Drawing on the work of E. Franklin Frazier, Kenneth B. Clark, and others, he em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phasized the devastating effects of slavery, urbanization, and unemployment. He then went on to worry about the "tangle of pathology" (Clark's phrase) at work in urban ghettos—a fatal intertwining of family instability, joblessness, and crime that seemed to be creating a generation ill equipped to cope or prosper in the larger society.

At first Moynihan's message promised to inspire a bold social offensive. In June 1965 President Johnson's Howard University speech, based on the report, announced a new direction in civil rights efforts: an emphasis on strengthening black families to enable more blacks to walk through the "gates of opportunity" that legislation had opened. Right away the address was acclaimed as historic. Almost as quickly, the clock was turned back. The summer brought devastating riots in Watts and division in Washington about how to react. From then on, the report served mainly to put many blacks and whites on the moral defensive. Black civil rights and church leaders, as well as liberals inside and outside the government, accused Moynihan of blaming the victims—rather than white racism and discrimination—for their plight.

The furor was a display of distortion and misinterpretation rather than useful debate, but was no less deadly for that; the report was shelved, and the black family has been a dangerous subject ever since. Reacting in particular against the "pathology" label, some black scholars in the 1970s began to celebrate the strengths of the extended black family. The revisionist enterprise was often enlightening, but also often excessively romantic. It tended to eclipse the less partisan project of some scholars of the 1960s—to examine, not exalt, the ways in which blacks living in poverty and racial isolation dealt with their unenviable circumstances. On the whole, the worsening straits of low-income black families went unexamined.

Two decades later many black leaders are prepared to confront what they now acknowledge is a black family crisis. "For too long we may have been too defensive, seeing public discussion of counterproductive tendencies in our community's structure as an attack on black people," said John Jacob, the president of the National Urban League, in his opening address at the Black Family Summit. "In many cases it was that. But the facts still must disturb us." The first facts he mentioned concerned teenage parenthood, which seems to be emerging as the emblematic black family issue. Some are uneasy about its prominence, worried that the plight of girls with babies will obscure the less tractable problems of adult single mothers—as well as the issue of unemployment, especially among men, that lurks behind them both. But few dispute that it's a sensible, not just a sensational, place to start.

TEENAGE PREGNANCY is, of course, a national as well as a black problem. In fact, ever since the mid-1970s, when family planners first made adolescent pregnancy a public issue, they have emphasized its multicolored character. "Teenage sexual activity and pregnancy," according to *Teenage Pregnancy: The Problem That Hasn't Gone Away*, a publication produced in 1981 by the Alan Guttmacher Institute, an affiliate of Planned Parenthood, "are not the special problems of any one economic, ethnic or social group, but affect young people from all regions of the country, from the cities and the farms, and from families of all socioeconomic levels, racial groups and religious denominations." Teenagers all over are indeed having sex and getting pregnant: today seven in ten teenage girls have sex, four in ten have at least one pregnancy, two in ten have at least one birth, and more than one in seven has at least one abortion. And it's doubtless true that the rainbow overview was helpful in publicizing the issue at the outset.

BUT IN FACT teenage parenthood is a disproportionately black problem, and too broad a perspective obscures basic differences. Approaching adolescent pregnancy primarily as a legacy of the sexual revolution, family planners and health researchers have emphasized dramatic rises in rates of both sexual activity and out-of-wedlock births. Looking at white girls, that made sense; during the 1970s, the proportion of sexually experienced white teenage girls doubled, and white adolescent out-of-wedlock birthrates rose by more than 50 percent. Furthermore, there has been a rapid rise in the number of girls who are keeping their babies rather than putting them up for adoption, as they did in the fustier 1950s.

Among black girls, however, adolescent parenthood looks less like the result of recent sexual liberation. During the 1970s sexual activity among black teenage girls did not increase markedly, and soon leveled off—but at significantly higher levels than among white girls. (Sixty-five percent of single black teenagers in 1979 were sexually experienced, compared to 42 percent of whites; and on average they start having sex a year earlier, at 15 and a half.) Most dramatic has been the drop in marriage rates—down 45 percent in the 1970s—which can be chalked up more to a tighter economy than to looser mores. That decline is what's behind the continuing high out-of-wedlock birthrate among blacks. Eighty-six percent of all black teenage mothers are single now (compared to a third of white adolescent mothers), and though their 1980 birthrate is slightly lower than the out-of-wedlock rate of ten years earlier, it is still far above the white rate, especially among younger teenagers. Among unmarried 18- and 19-year-olds, the black birthrate is five times the white rate; among those 17 and younger, the rate is about eight times higher. To translate rates into numbers of babies: black girls, of whom there are far fewer than white ones, had more than half of the babies born to single teenagers—in 1980 roughly 134,000, compared to 131,000 white births. As for adoption practices, traditionally only a very small fraction of black girls formally give up their babies. And though abortions have risen among black, as among white, teenagers, the totals are different: 34 percent of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pregnant black girls have abortions, according to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, compared to 40 percent of white girls.

These numbers are no longer being ignored. "We need to stop talking around teenage pregnancy as one problem," Marian Wright Edelman, president of the Children's Defense Fund, urges. "We need to . . . look at poor black teenagers as distinguished from middle-class white teenagers, teens under 16 as opposed to teens over 16. . . . We haven't begun to sort out such distinctions, which is part of the reason so little has been done despite so much talk." To narrow down and focus on poor blacks is, paradoxically but appropriately, to conceive the problem more broadly than family planners did a decade ago. Instead of seeing teenage pregnancy as one side effect of growing sexual independence among adolescents everywhere, black organizations are more inclined to view it as a troubling part of social dependence among the poor in their midst.

DRAWING BY MATT MAHURIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

That's not to say blacks ignore the role of sexual permissiveness in making the problem worse. "The media say it's cool to have sex and say nothing about the consequences," Mrs. Edelman says. "We've got to say it's uncool to have a baby too young." By the same token, family planners haven't neglected the devastating social consequences of teenage parenthood. What is notable is that black leaders and organizations are turning to social causes as well. Thus they're harking back to the kind of sociology of family life more common in the 1960s and eclipsed in the 1970s. Looking at poor families in particular, some social scientists emphasized a socioeconomic perspective on teenage sex; they noted the economic, cultural, and psychological influences that predisposed low-income girls, which meant many black ones, to early childbearing. It was partly in reaction to that approach that family planners applied a physical perspective: never mind attitudes, was their view, it's bodies that make babies. They emphasized that most pregnancies were unplanned, and they measured the mechanics involved—rates of sexual activity, availability of birth control, quality of sex education, frequency of contraceptive use, and rates of abortion.

As black leaders and organizations begin to discuss teenage pregnancy, they tend to focus on motivations more than on mechanics and on adverse social circumstances more than on conducive sexual surroundings. Much of what they say sounds quite similar to the portraits some sociologists offered twenty years ago. In *Dark Ghetto*, published in 1965, Kenneth Clark described teenage parenthood this way.

> In the ghetto, the meaning of the illegitimate child is not ultimate disgrace. There is not the demand for abortion or for surrendering the child that one finds in more privileged communities. In the middle class, the disgrace of illegitimacy is tied to personal and family aspirations. In lower-class families, on the other hand, the girl loses only some of her already limited opportunities by having an illegitimate child; she is not going to make a "better marriage" or improve her economic and social status either way. On the contrary, a child is a symbol of the fact that she is a woman, and she may gain from having something of her own. Nor is the boy who fathers an illegitimate child going to lose, for where is he going?

Pat Dempsey, formerly the director of Project Redirection's Harlem program and now a special assistant to the commissioner of New York City's Human Resources Administration, echoed that view in an interview in *New Generation*, the newsletter of the National Child Labor Committee. "Teen pregnancy has always been a part of the black community," she explained. "In the black community, black folks are used to taking care of all children, no matter what the age and marital status of the parents. The attitude about a baby being born in the black community tends to be more spiritual. People say, 'This is God's will.' It's a different kind of understanding—almost as if we have no real say over our destiny. The notion of having determination over one's future comes with more education and more economic freedom."

Other blacks, and increasingly family planners as well, agree that economic circumstances explain most, if not quite all, of the difference between black and white teenage parenthood. "It's not a mystery that there are more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teenagers who are poor having babies," says Andrew Billingsley, a scholar on the subject of the black family. "It is a symptom of drift. These teenagers' problems are low aspirations, low self-esteem, low education." What scant socioeconomic statistics there are confirm such views. According to one of the few national surveys so far that has kept track of a group of girls over several years, the sexual careers of poor white and black teenagers, whether urban or rural, look roughly the same; both are distinctly more likely than middle-class white girls to have sex, to use birth control badly, and to end up having babies rather than abortions. (Surprisingly, figures distinguishing between poor and middle-class blacks, which would obviously be very useful, are hard to come by; the consensus, however, is that middle-class girls, black as well as white, aren't having many of the babies.)

IN ADOPTING a socioeconomic perspective on teenage parenthood, however, many blacks take care to counter one assumption often associated with it: that lots of disadvantaged girls actively want to have babies. In particular, they make a point of disputing one prominent conservative version of that view: that welfare is primarily what motivates them to get pregnant. Unfortunately, rhetoric tends to outrun the murky reality on this charged question. The conservative claim is generally put bluntly: that the prospect of welfare benefits and apartments of their own looms large in ghetto girls' decisions about their sex lives. This seems just as overstated as the counterclaim that there's no connection between single teenagers having babies and the welfare system. Some girls evidently do get pregnant in the hope of setting up house alone with the help of welfare; many more, however, aren't making careful decisions, and very few leave home. They're just drifting—to be sure, in directions the welfare system does more to encourage than discourage. Although researchers report that most young mothers say they disapprove of welfare in principle, the fact that they can qualify for a grant—however meager—may well lurk among other factors influencing them, once they're pregnant, to keep their babies and not to marry boyfriends whose job prospects are bleak. "At Project Redirection," Pat Dempsey says, "the girls had a dream. But the reality was softened somewhat by the knowledge that there is welfare."

Neither plans nor dreams, however, lie behind most adolescent pregnancies. More common among low-income teenagers—and not among them alone—seems to be what is perhaps best described as passive, rather than purely unplanned, parenthood. Clearly there are plenty of girls, especially younger ones, who get pregnant solely out of contraceptive ignorance. Yet others, who aren't in the dark about birth control and who don't actively want babies, simply take risks, as teenagers tend to do, without much sense that the stakes are very high. There's often resigned acceptance about the birth of a baby, rather than strong community or family resistance to it—which is sometimes stronger on the question of abortion. What's more, promising school and job possibilities rarely beckon on the immediate horizon. Under the limited circumstances, teenage boys can feel manly if they happen to father a child. Girls, who tend to be fond of babies in general, can find it easy enough to fantasize that having one of their own, even if it wasn't their aim, may give them someone to love and be loved by and make them grown-ups—and right away make them the center of attention among their friends and families.

YET THERE'S another, crucial point on which current social portraits of teenage pregnancy and parenthood differ from some earlier ones. As some blacks now admit with alarm, the extended black family, though still a central fact of life in their community, isn't the ever-resilient network many saw it as in the 1970s. "The extended family has been assaulted by the hardships of urban ghetto life, by anti-family welfare requirements, and by the tendency of modern American life to atomize individuals into ever smaller units," Eleanor Holmes Norton said at a conference about black teenage pregnancy two years ago. "The marvelously protective extended family units that were as strong among blacks as among any group in this country are not widespread enough today to give the children of young and poor single mothers the chance they must have for a decent life." What's worse, trouble in nuclear families has become more widespread, as Mrs. Norton emphasized. "In entire sections of the black community, there is not only family breakup but the failure to form families at all. In whole sections of the black community children are being raised exclusively by very young mothers without male role models except the hustlers on the streets." According to New York City's Department of Health, for example, a staggering 79.9 percent of babies were born out of wedlock in the central Harlem health district last year.

Rather than help cushion the crisis of children with children of their own, fragmented families all too often help create it. The children of teenage parents, black and white, are more likely to become teenage parents in their turn; according to one study, roughly 80 percent of girls who were mothers at 15 were themselves the daughters of women who had babies as teenagers. Young fathers, too, are more likely to have mothers who had their children in adolescence. And whatever maternal models young parents have, the frequent absence of fathers altogether makes matters much worse; as of 1980, about 65 percent of poor black families were headed by single women (compared to 34 percent of poor white families), double the proportion in 1960 and a dramatic demographic change.

It's these families who clearly require the most help. There's a generation of grandparents in their 30s—"we call them Y.G.P.s, for young grandparents," says Linda Boyland, the director of the Project Redirection program in Harlem—who are often as needy and ill informed as their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daughters. Pat Dempsey says she watched some young grandmothers get pregnant right after their daughters; or, if they took over their grandchildren as their own, another was sometimes soon on the way. "The first one was for my mother," Dempsey has heard girls say on producing their second child. "This one is for me." She saw lots of "sister acts," too, inspired by the attention paid to a pregnant sibling.

That attention, of course, is often short-lived, and the future is rarely even remotely as bright as girls imagine. The consequences of teenage childbearing are dismal. Adolescents are more likely to have difficult pregnancies and to bear low birth-weight babies. Two-thirds of all teenagers who have children before they turn 19 drop out of school, and almost half of all mothers who had their first baby before they turned 18 don't end up with a high school diploma; among blacks that means far more (roughly 45,000) teenagers drop out of school each year because they're pregnant than graduate from college (about 26,000). They earn on an average half as much as women who wait until they're 20 to have children, and they go on to have less stable marriages and larger families—both prescriptions for poverty. And poverty is precisely the immediate or eventual fate of all too many teenage mothers; disproportionate numbers of them end up on welfare, sooner or later, for longer or shorter amounts of time. The discouraging fact is that more than half of the women who receive Aid to Families with Dependent Children were teenagers when they had their first child (in 1975 roughly $8.6 billion was spent on welfare, medical care, and Food Stamps for those families).

DRAWING BY MATT MAHURIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

IT HAS taken a long time and the lifting of a taboo to document the daunting problem of teenage pregnancy. It will clearly take more time and new approaches even to begin to solve it. So far comparatively little has been spent to help teenage parents deal with their many difficulties and avoid dependency, or to prevent adolescents from having babies in the first place. Few are satisfied with the ad hoc array of programs. But black leaders and organizations tend to have a pessimistic—and therefore realistic—perspective on the challenge. They know that the problem has been with their community for some time now; they're less inclined to expect it to disappear right away, as wishful conservatives, espousing chastity and adoption, and hopeful liberals, urging contraception and abortion, have sometimes implied it might. Viewing teenage parenthood as a large social problem in their midst, many are starting out—once again paradoxically but appropriately—by looking for smaller steps they can take close to home.

Family planners began by viewing teenage pregnancy as a widespread sexual and health problem. It was often called an epidemic, and the aim was to find a cure. The epidemiological approach to public policy—described, oddly enough, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan in his 1959 article on highway deaths—is to pay less attention to the "host" afflicted with the problem, and more to the agent that causes it. In the case of traffic accidents, that meant skirting drivers' temperamental inclinations, which, though clearly important to the way they behave behind the wheel, "seem to be so personal that it is hopeless to think of doing anything about them for the limited purposes of traffic safety," Moynihan wrote. Instead, it meant focusing on the lethal agents, cars, and trying to make them safer—which began Ralph Nader's career but didn't end crashes.

Similarly, the emphasis of family planners at the outset was on the agents of pregnancy, teenagers' bodies—not on inscrutable adolescent temperaments; predictably, the approach hasn't been a cure-all in this case either. The hope was to make adolescent sex safer by making contraception widely available. The tone of the Alan Guttmacher Institute publication of 1978, *11 Million Teenagers*—the booklet that first publicized and documented the problem—was both impatient and optimistic. "Teenage pregnancy and childbearing is a major unsolved problem in the United States and . . . although we have most of the knowledge and resources needed to solve it, we have failed to do so," its authors chided. They pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed an eight-point national program that emphasized the family planners' specialty: preventive medical services.

That knowledge and those resources haven't proved as powerful as was hoped. More and better contraceptive services and sex education are indeed available now. Roughly one-half of all teenagers, white and black, get to clinics or doctors at some point; about three-quarters of them are taught something—often not much—about their reproductive systems at school. Yet the lessons and more accessible paraphernalia seem to have had disappointingly little effect. (The rare, and thus renowned, exception is a comprehensive health clinic, the St. Paul, Minnesota, Maternal and Infant Care Project, which claims to have halved the birthrate among students at the schools it serves.)

Despite the fact that teenagers appear to know more than they used to about anatomy and contraceptive mechanics, many—especially younger girls—are obviously still confused. One girl who called to ask help from the Brooklyn Teen Pregnancy Network, a clearinghouse of services for teenagers, thought she was pregnant and wanted an abortion, but it had to be with a needle or a pin, she said, because she didn't want anyone messing around down there: she was still a virgin, she explained. Although more teenagers say they irregularly use contraceptives than did a decade ago, almost a quarter of whites and more than a third of blacks say they never do. And teenagers don't seem to use the most effective methods, the pill and I.U.D., as much as they used to. (Fears about health hazards are common—a number of girls at Project Redirection were worried that if they took the pill they might have what they mysteriously called "pill babies"—and many teenagers seem unaware that a daily dose is required.)

These erratic habits translate into an inauspicious statistic: on average, teenagers seek birth control advice nine months after they've started having sex. That leaves plenty of time to get pregnant (half of all conceptions to teenagers take place during the first six months they have sex). Pregnancy rates increased about 12 percent between 1970 and 1981. Birthrates seem to have been held down mostly by abortions, which roughly doubled among adolescents during the same time—to a total of over 430,000 in 1981, a third of all the legal abortions performed and a figure few are eager to see rise.

BLACK LEADERS and organizations seem less inclined to invoke the epidemic analogy. Teenage pregnancy and parenthood have now reached the proportions of a "natural catastrophe," as Eleanor Holmes Norton put it—or at least a dangerous crisis. That analogy suggests a distinctly different attitude and approach. They're focusing on even less manageable terrain than adolescent bodies: the social environment of poor neighborhoods and hard-pressed families. Less confident of cures, they're aiming to cope with a large task. Trapped in difficult straits to start with, "high-risk" teenagers require more than medical advice; they need all-around help with their families, school, and jobs, in addition to less tangible things like self-esteem and decision-making "skills."

That was the tall order announced at the Black Family Summit this spring. It has also been the broad focus of the Children's Defense Fund, which has been thinking and talking about the issue for more than a year, and increasingly of family planners as well. There is more disagreement, not surprisingly, about how to fill it. But the dominant theme seems to be self-help, which marks as important a change as does talking about family problems in the first place. "We may have allowed our just anger at what America has done to obscure our own need for self-discipline and community values," John Jacob said in his opening address at the Summit. "In concentrating on the wrongs of discrimination and poverty we may have neglected the fact that there is a lot we can do about our own problems ourselves. Government and private sector action is a necessity, but so too are the services and concern black organizations can provide."

Just what the balance between local black efforts and broader action should be is obviously wide open to debate. In the closing session of the conference, recommendations for strengthening families ranged from a tip that dinner should be an occasion where families communicate to demands for a domestic Marshall Plan. But if most leaders keep up their calls for government attention to the vast and vexing issue of welfare reform, to the dismal employment situation of black teenagers, and to the problems of public schools, they are at the same time putting more emphasis on what they can start to do themselves. In his final address, Benjamin L. Hooks, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., recalled his audience of mostly middle-class black organizations to the task of coordinated community action. "We have accepted the call to come home. We will all follow there, lending our families to those whose families are weak."

AS HOOKS'S statement suggests, black organizations are emphasizing one of the oldest resources at hand: the tradition of the extended black family, in which kinfolk have often included more than blood relatives. Its virtues have long been invoked, even as networks have been weakening; now they're being called upon in a more structured way. The popular notion of enlisting role models or "community women"—and, increasingly, models for boys as well—seems to have gotten its start in a small program called the Sisterhood for Black Single Mothers, founded in Bedford Stuyvesant in 1975 by Daphne Busby. It has probably been best publicized by Project Redirection, one of the few efforts undertaken on a national scale to help poor teenage parents. At four original sites, and now at seven more, girls who are pregnant or are already mothers are paired up with women from their neighborhoods. Always on call, those women are expected to help the girls navigate their way through practical difficulties—taking care of their babies, going back to school, getting jobs. They are also,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideally, supposed to encourage maturity and self-sufficiency by example, not just precept—urging them above all to avoid a second baby, often a guarantee of long-term dependency. "She's my diary," said one girl at the Harlem program of her community woman. Others, however, encountered predictable tensions between their role models and their real mothers. A surrogate parent or big sister isn't a simple answer for girls; the idea inevitably raises all kinds of questions about how to deal with their families, too—questions the Harlem program decided it couldn't avoid. Renaming itself Family Redirection, the staff started welcoming boyfriends, mothers, and siblings as well, a heavy load for any program.

Two other traditional sources of social leadership among blacks—churches and women's groups—also figure prominently in plans to help teenagers. Not surprisingly, given that adolescent pregnancy is in a sense a "women's issue" and these are feminist times, the black sororities—long dedicated to social action—are especially well-placed to pitch in. The largest of them, Delta Sigma Theta, this spring announced "Summit II: A Call to Action in Support of Black Single Mothers," a nationwide campaign that aims to help more than just teenagers with children. (Black fraternities, too, are starting to show interest.)

DRAWING BY MATT MAHURIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Black churches are in a more awkward position. Sex is not an easy subject among ministers and congregations; religion isn't as popular among kids and their parents as it once was—particularly among those teenagers most at risk of getting pregnant. (Churchgoing girls, figures show, are among the least likely to end up with babies.) Nonetheless, church leaders do seem to want to turn to youth problems, among them teenage pregnancy. That interest, along with lots of questions, was aired at a meeting of ministers and others recently held by the Carnegie Foundation. How can the large urban churches, many of whose parishioners have left the inner city for the suburbs over the last decade, best serve both them and the poor neighborhoods where they stand? What part can storefront churches, with less educated ministers and poorer congregations, play? And of course the biggest question of all: How much moral authority can the church hope to exert in a secular, consumer culture?

Large questions inevitably loom over community efforts—and they look large even when Jacob's call for some help from the private sector and government is answered, as it is already beginning to be. Several of the major foundations, and smaller ones too, have been contributing to various local teenage pregnancy programs for a number of years now. (The Ford Foundation has been the principal backer of the national Project Redirection program.) In New York recently Governor Cuomo made community action the focus of a $5 million plan to help high-risk teenagers and young parents, too many of whom are inadequately served by the existing tangle of services (which already cost the state roughly $8 million). The new legislation targets needy neighborhoods, requires matching grants, prescribes cooperation among agencies, and encourages community leadership. That approach certainly seems the most promising, but the sums and the practical patchwork can't avoid sounding lamentably modest compared to the ambitious aims of the bill: "to present to young people the greatest possibility for an adulthood of dignity and opportunity [and] to those who are not pregnant or already parents . . . a vision of the future they might pursue if they leave themselves the freedom to do so."

Inspire hope, in other words. Behind efforts to protect teenage bodies and improve their surroundings lies a far larger task: to influence their attitudes. However contradictory and intractable they may be, adolescent temperaments are, inescapably, a central part of the problem and of the solution. Neither contraceptives nor job and school opportunities are likely to do nearly enough good unless teenagers are more motivated to make the most of them. That means, everyone agrees, more self-esteem and a sense of responsibility and possibility—far easier to invoke, of course, than to inculcate.

Nor are black groups likely to prove what John Jacob called "the relevance and imagination of our own organizations" in the face of the family crisis if they fail to focus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the question of attitudes. This is the core of the self-help strategy that is now required, given the dismal results of twenty years of relying on federal help and the unlikely prospect of ready aid these days. It's between the private sphere of families and the broad public realm—that is, in communities, where prevailing expectations and individual achievements are built up or else erode together—that lots of work awaits.

To encourage the qualities of independent dignity and responsibility that Cuomo invoked is an old-fashioned and ambitious enterprise. Ideally, those qualities are nurtured in families and rewarded by society; that isn't much help for kids whose mothers are single and poor, whose fathers are strangers, and whose social prospects are dim. Under the bleak circumstances, the easiest step is to teach abstract lessons in "values clarification" and "decision-making skills," as more sex-ed curricula aim to nowadays—not very likely to sink in, particularly among alienated adolescents. More emphatic preaching—in favor of chastity among younger teenagers especially, for example—may in fact be more to the point; but talk can only so do much.

The real learning here is more likely to come from purposeful activity and accomplishment, which drive home the message of self-esteem better than any amount of instruction. "I used to laugh at the Y.M.C.A. with their attitude that if you give a kid a basketball it will solve everything," Pat Dempsey told *New Generation*, "but if you have an activity or talent you're good at, and somebody spends time with you on that, it gives you something else to do for a sense of self-worth. You don't have to find it in a boyfriend or girlfriend." Dempsey mentioned the most old-fashioned solution for adolescent restlessness there is—sports—which is one concrete example worth recalling while grander goals are kept in mind. The Vincent Astor Foundation in fact funded such an effort in a black and Hispanic neighborhood in the South Bronx. The Astor Track Team, coached by an energetic couple, seemed to be a striking success: of the 90 girls on the team over three years, only two got pregnant, a remarkable ratio for that neighborhood.

Underlying such practical tactics lies an important, all too often elusive tenet—the notion of deferred gratification. Dempsey is right that one way to deter teenagers from pregnancy once their hormones are coursing is to keep them distracted—easier, of course, for those parents, teachers, coaches, and counselors with money to spend on alternative enticements to sex and babies. Yet kids are likely to avoid getting pregnant not just for the passing reason that they're busy right now, but for the more fundamental reason that they have a sense of the future. Imbuing that sense is the challenge that black leaders have taken on in confronting the problem of teenage parenthood. It helps, of course, for kids to have a concrete awareness of material opportunities lying ahead of them; but they also need the support, or even the pressure, of clear expectations prevailing around them—of community sanctions and models worth living up to.

Take it lying down.

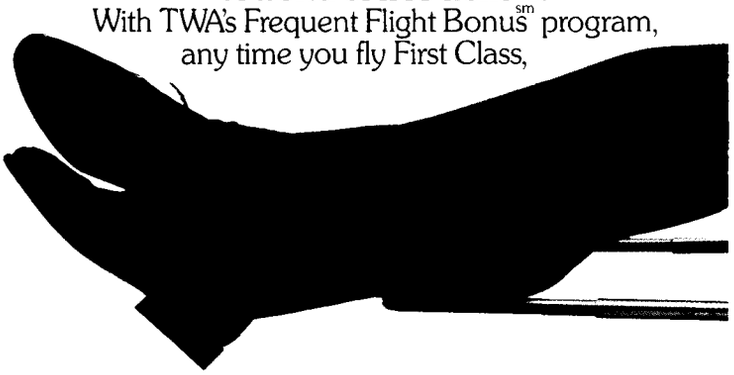
TWA's First Class service to Europe and the Middle East.

Rest assured, TWA's Royal Ambassador® Service is the first class way to travel in comfort and ease.

First Class service. From the ground up.
In major airports, you'll find a special Royal Ambassador desk to ease you through check-in. And you'll enjoy complimentary admission to our Ambassador Club lounge to relax in before your flight.

Sleeper-Seats℠. For the long stretch.
On board you'll cradle yourself in a First Class Sleeper-Seat. You'll settle back, and comfortably dine on your choice of gourmet entrees. Then, when you're ready to stretch out, your seat will stretch out with you all the way across the Atlantic.

Frequent Flight Bonus program. A world of free tickets.
With TWA's Frequent Flight Bonus℠ program, any time you fly First Class,

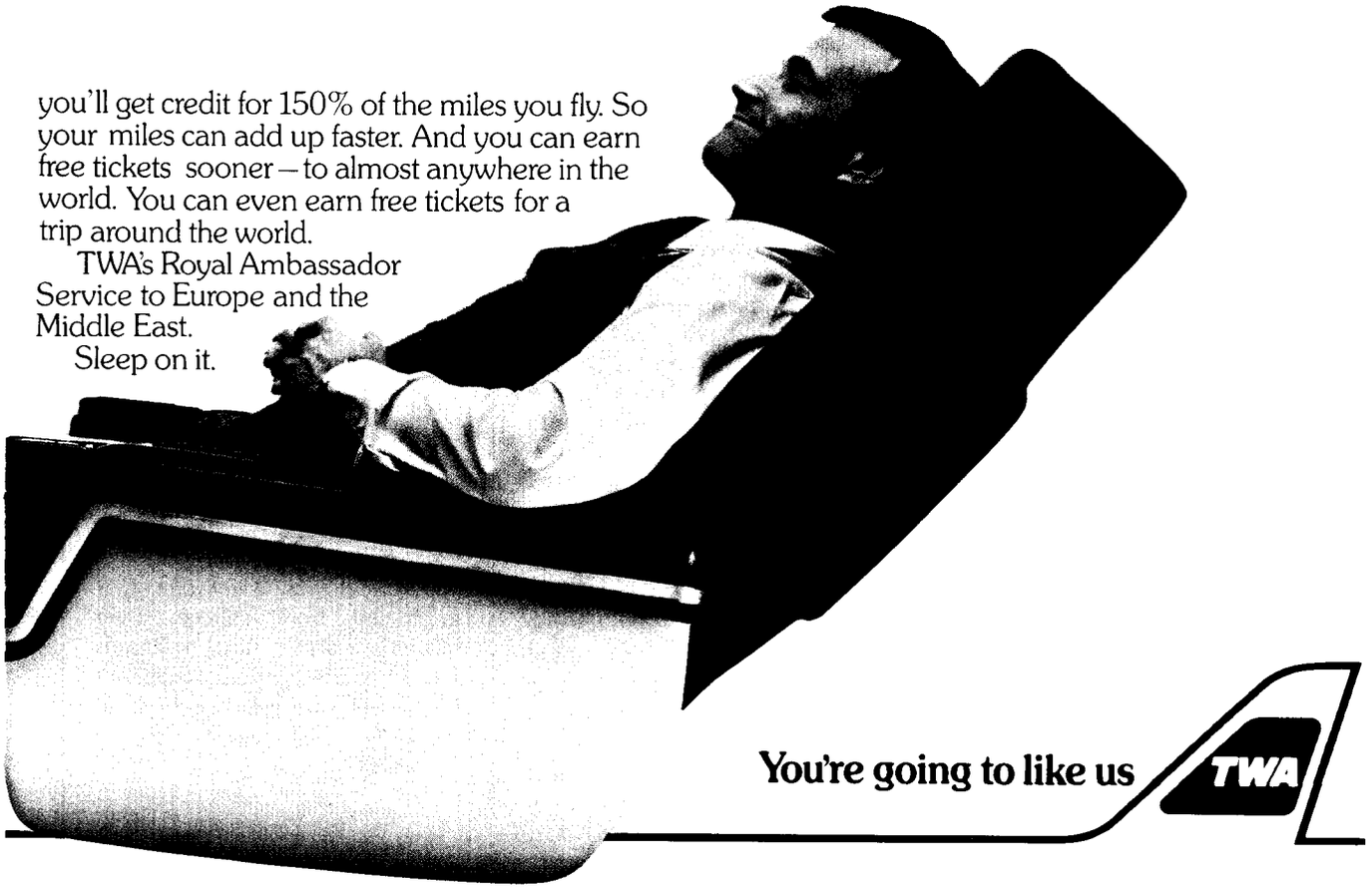


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admittedly, farsighted vision and restraint hardly reign in society at large these days. And they have never been hallmarks of adolescence, an awkward age when kids' passions are high and their parents are least in control. Above all, those qualities get all but eradicated in the ghetto, where day-to-day difficulties obscure concern for any future much further off than tomorrow. There few kids are likely to give enough thought to the fact that babies who may be doll-like one moment will be crying the next and relying on them for responsible care for years to come. Less common still is the more abstract calculation that having a baby at 15, instead of waiting even three years, can make the difference between a life in the underclass and the lower class; that delaying a baby even longer and getting married could possibly mean a future in the middle class.

In search of a way to address the bleak outlook of too many poor blacks, L.B.J. talked about the family in his Howard University speech twenty years ago. "The family is the cornerstone of our society," he said. "More than any other force it shapes the attitudes, the hopes, the ambitions, the values of the child." That could be the Democratic Party, or the Republican, holding forth this year, except that most of the current talk about family sounds much emptier than Johnson's did. This year's stump speeches specialize in easy evocations of cozy unity across the country; they glibly invoke the values of family for those who have them, but they're not really addressed to those who don't. Among black organizations, by contrast, talk about family has some of the earlier urgency and concreteness; for many of them are attempting a more difficult admission of a crisis in their divided community.

This admission might seem a small achievement except that unwillingness to face the black family's plight has been such an obstacle to progress over two decades. Now, as John Jacob said as he announced the Summit, "it is significant that the black community itself is saying that we are mature enough to analyze previously taboo subjects." Whether liberals and conservatives are similarly prepared to renounce old political reflexes is also important. For it's clear that both black defensiveness and white dismissiveness—either the conservative "I told you so, they should tend to their own troubles" kind, or the liberal "don't you dare talk about poor people in such an unflattering way" sort—have been deadly. The price of the long silence, paid in more broken homes, teenage parents, and poor children, has been high. The rise in female-headed black families, along with the much noted austere social and economic measures of the Reagan Administration, has clearly contributed to increasing poverty in this country. The time required for the task of keeping girls out of the ranks of poor single mothers and boys from the crowds of phantom fathers will be long—no doubt decades. But there is a double reward: helping children preserve their freedom by postponing parenthood also means saving their children in turn from dim futures they never chose and their young mothers and fathers didn't foresee. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Sophisticates and Primitives

Carmen continues. Last year we had Carlos Saura's (largely) danced version; early in the fall we'll get Francesco Rosi's film treatment of Bizet's opera. At the moment here is Jean-Luc Godard's *First Name: Carmen* which is adapted from Mérimée's novella and which—unlike the recent Peter Brook theater production that also

First Name: Carmen
(Spectra)

The Gods Must Be Crazy
(TLC Films)

touched Mérimée—shucks Bizet completely. Godard's film comes quite close to shucking Mérimée, too: there's not a great deal of reason why it couldn't be called *First Name: Manon*.

The script, credited in France to Godard, is here ascribed to Anne-Marie Mieville. Set in France today, the film deals with a security guard, Joseph, who falls to the ground in a tussle with a terrorist-robber named Carmen and, while tussling, falls for her in other ways. He runs off with her. The comic element in this episode, typical of a Godard who sees the quirks in a quirky cosmos, runs throughout: seriousness is continually mocked. But so much else runs throughout that even Godard's sidewise skeeter off the universe gets fuzzy, more dogged than delightful. Aside from his usual practice of presenting only samples of scenes, to keep himself and us from being bored with scenes enacted from beginning to end, there are recurrent shots of a quartet rehearsing Beethoven; Metro trains passing each other; the sea. Exegetes are already busy revealing the significance of these strands, of the whole concoction. Offhand lines of dialogue—about good and evil, about sunrise—are getting intense analysis. Add that this film—once again in Godard's career—encloses the making of a film "inside" it and that Godard himself plays a somewhat loony film director who is Carmen's uncle, and it's clear that *First Name: Carmen* is manna from hermeneutic heaven.

My own view is that Godard's procedure, here as in most of his work, is more a matter of temperament than design, that to analyze him is almost like looking for representation in abstract painting. His profligacy, disorder, quasi-anarchy have often caused explosions along the borders of filmmaking, blasting apertures for advance. His last two films, *Every Man for Himself* and *Passion*, hardly textbook exercises, were often interrupted by flashes of cinematic vision that gave a thrill of purpose, of accomplishment, to the whole. That's much less true with *First Name: Carmen*. A few moments give us fresh insights into the way our eyes have been viewing the world. For instance, the close-up silhouette of a hand behind a curtain turns out to be an outstretched hand on a "snowing" TV screen—which is witty. But these moments are rare.

Something else is becoming bothersome in Godard's recent work: he's getting dirty. I don't, need I add, mean sexy. He has gone from one extreme in sexual matters to the other. His films of the 1960s were famously chaste, even when they dealt with prostitution. Recently I saw again *The Married Woman* (1965), a lovely film with insights into the condition of woman in the bourgeois world far deeper than in many subsequent films on the subject. *The Married Woman* begins and ends in bed, but there is no heat: it has much nudity but always as exploration of unrealized beauties, not as excitant. I don't argue that this treatment of bed and nudity was "better," I point out how far it is from what Godard is doing now and that his career contains little between the extremes, little that could be called erotic. He seems to have swung directly from the marmoreal to the mucky.

This was notable in *Passion*, where naked women were used as props, almost with an air of male ownership. The utilization of nakedness is much increased in *First Name: Carmen* with more of a strip-show atmosphere than the humid heat of Mérimée's marvelous novella. This peering quality, plus some of the action, plus some of the dialogue that Godard himself speaks, gives the film much less a feeling of unleashed animality than of middle-aged drool.

A Dutch actress named Maruschka Detmers is Carmen, is naked quite a lot (not nearly as effectively as Sonia Braga in *Gabriela*), and is neither strikingly talented nor appealing. (Nor is anyone in the cast.) Godard says that his first choice for the role was Isabelle Adjani, who turned it down because of the amount of frontal nudity involved. By today's standards, there isn't an extraordinary amount of nudity, and Adjani, a winning actress, has not been especially shy in some other roles. Godard's comment reminded me of something that the late Harold Clurman said to me when he was casting the first production of Arthur Miller's *The Creation of the World and Other Business*. (Clurman was the original director, later replaced.) "These actors," fumed Clurman. "I offer James Earl Jones the role of God—of God!—in a new play by Arthur Miller,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Another Country. Burgess-McLean defections are too simply explained in this English public school drama, but everything else is finely done. (Reviewed 7/9/84)

The Bostonians. Vanessa Redgrave is a treasure as Olive. Some others of the cast (not Verena) are good, and everything looks like Thomas Eakins. Not much Henry James texture, though. (8/6/84)

Last Night at the Alamo. Eagle Pennell's small-scale film about closing night in a Houston bar today. Vivid and authentic. (8/27/84)

The Muppets Take Manhattan. Just graduated from college, they bring their senior show to Broadway. Next film, perhaps, they'll *all* have more to do and the songs will be better, but meanwhile. . . . (8/13&20/84)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he turns it down because of tax problems." I thought to myself that tax problems probably had little to do with it: if Jones turned down a big role in a new Miller play, directed by Clurman, the play itself must be a dud. Which it was. Jones's "tax problems" may also have been Adjani's "excessive frontal nudity."

I wonder how many of the millions who have seen Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North* (1922) know that, two years after it was released, Nanook died of starvation. I thought of Nanook while I was watching *The Gods Must Be Crazy*. This is a fiction film about an African Bushman today played by a Bushman named N!xau. (The exclamation point approximates a tongue click.) The script was written and directed by a white South African named Jamie Uys; it deals with the contrast between the still miraculously simple lives of Bushmen and the world around them. A Coke bottle is thrown from a passing airplane, is found by a Bushman, and, by awakening emotions of possessiveness strange to Bushmen, causes trouble. N!xau thinks it his duty to take the bottle to the edge of the world and throw it over, thus ridding his people of disturbance. En route he encounters civilization.

In shape, it's a simple folk tale. In execution, it becomes a hokey, sometimes poignant-funny film. Either way, I was disturbed by Uys's cool exploitation. Flaherty was recording a reality (though it's well known that many of the scenes in *Nanook* were reenactments for him of traditional behavior). Uys invented a story that took N!xau out of his world. Uys makes a great point at the start of the pristine Bushman life. But he not only introduced Bushmen to cameras, he made an actor of one of them, took him into an utterly strange environment, paid him off, and left him.

According to the publicity, N!xau, with the help of a game ranger, purchased goats and cattle with his salary. Later Uys learned from the game ranger that the goats and cattle had disappeared, either eaten by lions or taken by other members of N!xau's tribe or by other Bushmen. So the salary paid N!xau in life may have had something of the effect on his people that the Coke bottle had in Uys's film.

I wonder what N!xau's life is like these days, what he wants, what his dreams are. We know what happened to Nanook: will we ever hear what happened to N!xau after the cameras took what they wanted and moved on?

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Stratford Dilemma

To get to the Stratford Festival in Canada you must drive an hour and a half down the highway west from Toronto, past martial-sounding towns like Kitchener and Waterloo and Wellington. It is a little like traveling the M1 from London, a landscape of graceful hills and proud farms, nodding corn and rolling terrain. When you arrive in the Canadian Stratford, however, you find it considerably more isolated than Stratford-on-Avon and nowhere near as lovely—rather stolid, in fact, even a little grubby, despite the presence of an artificial lake adjacent to the theater (no swans) and townspeople in white flannels and white dresses bowling on the green nearby. One assumes the festival chose this site because of its name—the same reason the American Shakespeare Festival built a theater in the industrial area of Stratford, Connecticut; yet although audiences continue to flock to this simulated English environment, and the level of the work remains relatively high, the theater is essentially a tourist attraction with all that implies in regard to cautious play choices and transient audiences.

Waiting for Godot
by Samuel Beckett

Midsummer Night's Dream
Love's Labour's Lost
by William Shakespeare

The festival, moreover, carries on its back the burden of sustaining the Shakespeare inheritance in a North American culture suspended somewhere between England and the United States (the influence of the French Quebecois is generally ignored). Tyrone Guthrie, who founded this theater, ducked the problem by importing English stars, but lately the various Stratford regimes have been seeking solutions that would satisfy the demands of Canadian nationalism without violating artistic imperatives. The results are mixed, in many senses of the word. Under the artistic direction of the Hungarian-born John Hirsch, such expatriated English actors as Brian Bedford and John Neville and Edward Atienza perform side by side with a bevy of actors from Canada and the United States, providing an uncertain range of accents, approaches, styles.

THIS WAS most damaging in *Waiting for Godot*, a production in the smaller theater begun under the direction of the American artist, Joseph Chaikin. Dissatisfied with a member of the cast, and perhaps in the initial phase of his recent tragic illness, Chaikin left the show early in rehearsal. Another director's name appeared in the program, but the production seemed to be rudderless. Playing Estragon and Vladimir were the British-trained actors, Edward Atienza and Brian Bedford; two performance group Americans, Paul Zimet and Andreas Katsulas, played Lucky and Pozzo. I was interested to see how the representatives of these different schools of acting would behave without a ship's captain. The English managed to survive by hugging available life rafts. The Americans went to the bottom.

Bedford and Atienza did a good-natured, technically adroit music hall number that removed the incisors from the play, Didi coming on like Stan Laurel and Gogo like a cuddly pink-eyed Disney animal, possibly a mouse. Katsulas's crude speech and limited emotional range, on the other hand, turned Pozzo into an incomprehensible lout, while Lucky, looking like a fallen southern aristocrat, seemed inexplicably well-scrubbed. The stage was decorated with an elaborate piece of forest sculpture in a design that scrupulously specifies only a single tree. We managed, along with Didi and Gogo, to pass the time, but the production lacked depth, and totally ignored the extremes of Beckett's humor and desperation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Hirsch's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was more in control, though the director brought few new ideas to the play aside from a new bag of polyglot costumes. To the accompaniment of string music and twittering birds (for a moment I thought I was listening to the beginning of Morning Pro Musica), a boy resembling Huck Finn walked onto Desmond Healey's fake greensward and artificial mossy banks and started to read a book, joined later by an old gardener carrying a cart and a broom. This pastoral American mood was soon broken by a massive battle between Hippolyta's Amazons and Theseus's Athenians in glistening armor, Elizabethan ruffs, and Spanish helmets. Later Theseus and Hippolyta reappeared as Oberon and Titania—a doubling that is now almost conventional though its purpose, apart from economizing on actors' salaries, has always eluded me. All the fairies were endowed with Mr. Spock's Vulcan ears, though Titania's troupe was clean and fair, while Oberon's was dark and simian in the manner of *Planet of the Apes*.

The rustics were led by the ubiquitous Brian Bedford as Bottom the Weaver, using his personal charm as compensation for any effort at characterization (the festival's star, he gets a lot of plum roles under directors who don't push him hard enough). The Pyramus and Thisbe scenes were consequently a medley of mixed opportunities. Aside from Bedford's desultory performing, the play within the play was too well-orchestrated (the tag lines were even punctuated by drum rolls) to capture its crude improvisatory comedy; the lion's costume was obviously conceived and executed by a designer; and all the mechanics employed those condescending Yorkshire accents that pass for English laboring class dialect. I liked the energy of the lovers, though; the forest scenes still worked their magic; and Bottom's ass's head was the first I've seen that didn't muffle the actor's voice.

Michael Langham's production of *Love's Labour's Lost*, also fairly conventional, was nevertheless an exquisitely detailed and lucid reading of the play. Instead of trying to create an illusionist setting on Tania Moiseiwitsch's handsome thrust stage, John Pennoyer simply furbished it with a few vines and tree trunks, adding a statue of Father Time, and using charming Edwardian costumes to establish mood. "Our court shall be a little Academe," says the King of Navarre, doffing his academic gown and picking up his diploma from some bearded dons before trying with his three young companions to maintain some scholarly resolve in the face of a visitation by the Princess of France and her ladies-in-waiting.

MEANWHILE, Jaquenetta wanders through the action with her milk pails, being pursued by Costard and Don Armado and goosed by Holofernes with a bamboo cane. Installed in the fields by their monastic hosts, the ladies are equipped with tents and given archery lessons, while Nathaniel, a hip Anglican curate in sandals, tries to hold a conversation with Holofernes who is snoring away his meal under a napkin ("magisterial," says the schoolmaster waking from his snooze and waving away a fart). This fragile difficult play is a delicate story of postponed gratification, of the unnatural suppression of the natural appetites, and I've never seen it better performed or more artfully contrived.

The marvel of the show is John Neville as an antique, foolish, yet oddly affecting Don Armado. Neville enters slowly as if walking on painful bunions, arm held aloft, hair wispy and gray, moustache curled, wearing an old tattered naval uniform, fingerless gloves, and cape which seems to be decaying on his body. Neville's model for the role is Don Quixote, and Jaquenetta is his Dulcinea. His Sancho Panza is the precocious Moth, played with sassy grace by Torquil Campbell (whose grandfather, Douglas, and father, Benedict, are also in the cast). Armado dips his pen in an inkpot attached to Moth's hat to write a love letter, and Moth begins to sing to him—youth lyricizing old age—moving Armado to tears. It is a remarkable performance, retaining all the qualities of the doltish silly lecher, along with something that is touchingly melancholy and transcendent.

The rest of the cast is very adroit—Benedict Campbell's elegant King, Joseph Ziegler's ironic Berowne, Douglas Campbell's country squire Costard, Nicholas Pennell's pompous Holofernes, Jan Wood's handsome Princess, Rosemary Dunsmore's witty Rosaline, Mary Haney's generous Jaquenetta. Michael Langham has squeezed every possible nuance out of the text, even managing to make the normally gnomic

"Brilliant and challenging.

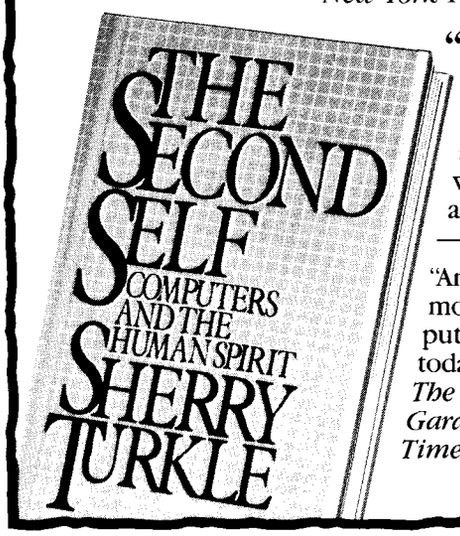
More than just another routine study of the cultural impact of the computer revolution and its prospects for eventually fabricating intelligence...Extraordinary clarity."
—*Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, New York Times*

Douglas Hopkins

"Sensitive, insightful."
—*The Kirkus Reviews.*

"Raises a disturbing issue—are computers changing the way we think about ourselves and the way we relate to others?"
—*Michael Rogers, Newsweek*

"Anyone who wishes to know more about the effects of computers on American society today would do well to read *The Second Self*."—*Howard Gardner, front page, New York Times Book Review*



Simon and Schuster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and tiresome scene between Boyet, Costard, and the ladies relatively coherent. For once I felt that the updating of a Shakespeare play had a motive other than novelty. This was the one production I saw that demonstrated the strengths of the company as an ensemble.

Still, neither this nor any other festival play this season is very ambitious or original, and the question of a unified vision and clear identity for the company remains unresolved. John Hirsch, entering his final year as artistic director, has managed to stabilize this unwieldy operation—no easy task. His successor will have to decide its future purpose. Equipped with a large and gifted ensemble, a second company from Juilliard, an acting school, a huge support staff, and generous funding, the resources of Stratford are apparently limitless. The question now is whether these resources will be used to help develop an indigenous classical theater for North America, or simply to continue serving as a semi-British cultural outpost for an indifferent tourist trade.

THE EDUCATION OF A HISTORIAN

George Bancroft: The Intellectual as Democrat
by Lilian Handlin

(Harper & Row, 415 pp., $24.50)

The dilemma of the intellectual in a democracy is not a new one, and the life of George Bancroft offers one of the more interesting nineteenth-century case histories. Remembered today as the first consequential American historian, Bancroft, as Lilian Handlin reminds us in this intelligent, incisive, and skeptical book, was also in his own time a political boss, a cabinet officer, and a diplomat, and effective in all four roles. *George Bancroft: The Intellectual as Democrat* does not so much supersede Russel B. Nye's *George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel*, the excellent biography of forty years ago, as put the story in a different perspective.

Bancroft was born in 1800, the son of a Unitarian minister in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was a poor boy, who made his way through Exeter and Harvard by scholarships and handouts. He managed four years abroad in the same manner, ending with a Göttingen Ph.D. By the time he was 21, he had met Goethe, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Byron, Lafayette, John Adams, and Washington Irving. But affectations picked up in Europe caused trouble when he returned to Cambridge. Disappointed in his hope of a Harvard career, he helped found a progressive secondary school, until schoolmastering bored him, at which point he married a rich wife, made money as a business troubleshooter for his wife's family, began work on his great *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent*, and entered Massachusetts politics as a follower of Andrew Jackson.

Here his sharp intelligence and managerial drive brought quick prominence. Appointed Collector of the Port of Boston by Van Buren, he discharged his duties with great efficiency, and used the accompanying federal patronage not only to build his organization but to provide jobs for literary pals like Hawthorne and Orestes Brownson. In spare moments he kept on with the *History*; the third volume came out in 1840. Defeated for governor in 1844 and weary of local party squabbles, he moved on to the national scene and, having played a role in Polk's nomination, was rewarded by the Secretaryship of the Navy. He proved a first-class reform Secretary, founded the academy at Annapolis, fought the system of promotion through seniority, and performed with impressive ability in the Mexican War. Requesting a foreign post in order to pursue his historical researches, he became minister to Great Britain in 1846. While Bancroft conducted diplomatic negotiations with his usual proficiency, his copyists were hard at work in British and continental archives.

After the Whigs won in 1848, Bancroft returned to private life. He now moved from Boston to New York, a symbolic migration forty years ahead of William Dean Howells; he withdrew from politics, filled the third floor of his house with books and manuscripts, bought a summer place in Newport, and concentrated on the *History*. Five more thick volumes appeared in the 1850s. Soon the Dred Scott case and "Bleeding Kansas" revived his political concerns. He was a Douglas man in 1860, underestimated Lincoln in 1861, called for all-out prosecution of the war and for emancipation of the slaves, and came round to Lincoln by 1864. In 1866 he published the ninth volume.

In the meantime he renewed an old political acquaintance with Andrew Johnson. Bancroft wrote Johnson's first message to Congress and in return was named minister to Prussia. In Berlin he and Bismarck became fast friends; Bancroft's pro-German stand during the Franco-Prussian War provoked Victor Hugo to write a scathing poem about him. After Berlin he moved to Washington, where he published the tenth volume of his work. At the age of 75 he revised the *History*, pruning the lush antebellum language, slaughtering adjectives, and reducing the ten volumes to a Centenary Edition of six. At the age of 82 he brought out two more volumes on the formation of the Constitution; at the age of 86 an "Author's Last Revision" of the entire *History*.

BESIDES working all the time, he gave excellent dinners, rode horseback every afternoon, received the privileges of the Senate floor, and befriended bright young couples like the Henry Adamses. Clover Adams, before she drank the developing fluid, took a marvelous photograph of Bancroft at work, with his white beard and shrewd, sardonic face. Henry Adams found his *History* unreadable but regarded the old man with admiring affection ("old George Bancroft was never more than 40") and got him to read the manuscript of his own history of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. In the summer Bancroft grew the most glorious roses in Newport. He died in 1891 at the age of 90. John Adams was President when he was born, and Theodore Roosevelt attended his memorial service.

It was a notable life; but Bancroft was a puzzle to his contemporaries, as he has been to his biographers. Everyone agrees that he was a major historian who gave Americans their first national

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

epic and at the same time anticipated the "scientific" historians of a later day in his tireless exploitation of goverment archives and private manuscript collections. Everyone agrees that, as a historian, he was a fluent rhetorician rather than a rigorous analyst, and that his rhetoric lacked the flair of Prescott or Parkman. Everyone agrees that he was a man of exceptional industry and self-discipline, who could combine full-time labor on the *History* with a full-time job and full-time life in society. Everyone agrees that he was witty and urbane, retaining to the end of his life the "enthusiasm, ardor and openness" that Mrs. Samuel Perkins noted in him as a youth, and that his capacity for disputatiousness was matched by his capacity for friendship. Emerson called him in 1839 "a soldier of fortune, who could take any side and defend it," but remained genuinely fond of him all the same. More than thirty years later Emerson and his daughter toured Egypt with the Bancrofts. Emerson's Concord house had burned down, and Bancroft gave him $1,000 (around $20,000 in 1984 dollars) toward its restoration. After the trip Emerson wrote that Bancroft was "a chivalrous angel to Ellen and me."

Some of Bancroft's contemporaries saw him as a radical democrat, while others thought him a calculating and rather cynical opportunist. The debate has passed on to his biographers. Was he a "Brahmin rebel," in Russel Nye's phrase, for whom exasperation with the establishment was a continuing theme in life? Or was he, as Lilian Handlin thinks, a basically conservative man never really at odds with his age? Mrs. Handlin improves in certain ways on the Nye biography. Nye saw Bancroft as a Yankee "aristocrat" betraying his class. Mrs. Handlin sees him more accurately as a poor young man from the provinces on his way up in life. She is right, too, in challenging Nye's view of Bancroft as a transcendentalist historian; Bancroft did not believe, as Emerson did, in individual intuition, but rather in "collective reason." And she is far more informative than Nye on the vicissitudes, sometimes sad, of Bancroft's family life.

Still, while she acknowledges wit, charm, lack of snobbishness, generosity with other scholars and so on, she does not appear to like Bancroft very much, or to find much integrity in him. He was, she writes, "a slippery political thinker, so vague as to stand on both sides of all but the clearest political issues. . . . Erroneously labeled the great radical all his life, he died the conservative he had been all along." Mrs. Handlin has a point when she notes that Bancroft liked to affirm grand general goals but neglected to propose concrete measures to attain the goals. An incorrigible rhetorician on the one hand, a first-class practical administrator on the other, he was not a man for programs in the middle distance, nor, to do him justice, was his a programmatic age. But she is less convincing when she portrays Bancroft as a lifelong conservative. Bancroft and his political adversaries, she writes, "never conceded how closely their views matched. . . . The reluctant reformer remained a conservative closer to the Whigs than his opponents realized." No doubt *sub specie aeternitatis* we can see that in some sense they all thought alike. But is it proper for a historian to dismiss contemporaneous testimony so briskly?

WHEN Bancroft proclaimed himself "a radical in principle and a radical in feeling," when he inveighed against "the concentrated power of the business classes," when he said, "To assert the rights of labor is the mission of the age," who can blame the Whigs for thinking that he was not one of them? And who are we to say that Bancroft and the Whigs were wrong in supposing that they disagreed? To claim that Bancroft and his opponents were really of the same mind is surely a form of reductionism that denies historical figures the validity of their own perceptions. Doubtless some future historian will write that Ronald Reagan and, say, George McGovern never conceded how closely their views matched, but such a proposition will not greatly illuminate the political conflicts of the 1980s.

Russel Nye, writing more sympathetically, explains better both Bancroft's political role and the reaction of conservatives to him. And he does more justice to Bancroft's continuing liberalism. Where Mrs. Handlin leaves the impression, for example, that Bancroft applauded Franklin Pierce, Nye reprints Bancroft's denunciation of Pierce's Democratic Party as an "unproductive

Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling...

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body

Cardiovascular Exerciser

Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits–right in the convenience of your home, year 'round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running

NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out-conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes

NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming

NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product

NordicTrack is in its 7th year of production. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. We manufacture and sell direct. Two year warrantee, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

Call or write for...

FREE BROCHURE

Toll Free 1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI, 124NR Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hybrid begot by southern arrogance upon northern subserviency." Where Mrs. Handlin emphasizes Bancroft's pro-Prussian sentiments, Nye reports his doubts about Bismarck's peace terms after the war with France. Mrs. Handlin writes that Bancroft believed in a "self-regulating" economy from beginning to end. But Bancroft himself wrote of laissez-faire in 1854 that, while it

> may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations . . . its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effects of personal competition can never be accepted as the rule for the dealings of man with man. . . . The good time is coming when humanity will recognise all members of its family as alike entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want will end in a better science of distribution.

Bancroft saw himself neither as a conservative nor as a utopian, but as a reformer seeking "every advancement that the culture of his time will sustain."

As for the problem of "the intellectual as democrat," Mrs. Handlin makes acute comments along the way about Bancroft's conception of the duty of men of letters to enlighten an unregenerate society. But she offers no general conclusions about the intellectual's continuing dilemma. Still, this is an interesting book, closely researched and well written, and it restores to this generation an able and fascinating man who both wrote and wrought American history.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., professor at the City University of New York, is now working on the fourth volume of *The Age of Roosevelt*.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK?

We offer free book search service. Write Peter Sperling Books, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

CALL FOR ANY CURRENT BOOK.

BOOK CALL™

1-800-255-2665

In Connecticut call 1-966-5470.

- Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
- We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. • Gift wrapping available. • Mail orders welcome.

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840.

POOR ME

The Letters of Jean Rhys
edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly

(Viking, 320 pp., $22.50)

Why does Great Britain seem to keep misplacing her authors in such a careless fashion? Barbara Pym, Molly Keane, Jean Rhys—each published significant work, then sank into oblivion, and only much later was rediscovered and launched upon a second career. But Jean Rhys's case is the most extreme, for she didn't merely hit a spate of rejection slips (as did Barbara Pym) or take a breather in Irish horse country (as did Molly Keane). She went so far underground that she was presumed dead. Tracked down at last in Cornwall when the BBC needed her permission for an adaptation, she wrote, "I don't know why [people] thought I was dead. It does seem more fitting I know, but life is never neat and tidy. I feel a bit like poor old Rasputin, who was poisoned, stabbed in the front and shot in the back but was still alive kicking and crowing when flung out into the snow."

There you have have her—both the wit and the "poor me" of her. Jean Rhys was a perfectly wonderful writer, with a spare and glittering style, whose subject matter is said to have been shaped by a single episode in her life. As a young woman in England, fresh from the island of Dominica, she was taken up by an older man and then, a year or so later, "pensioned off." The experience evidently shattered her. The fiction she published in the 1920s and 1930s had a bitter, plaintive note, with an emphasis upon women who were in some way victimized by men.

She married and had a child, divorced, married again and was widowed, and married yet again—this time choosing a man who eventually served a stretch in prison for a white-collar crime. For twenty-seven years—from midway through her second marriage till just after her third husband died—she published nothing, although she did work fitfully at writing. She lived in poverty, sometimes even in squalor, and she drank far too much.

Around the time she was rediscov-

SMITH MARX KEYNES SCHUMPETER

After two hundred years of research on wealth development theory, an economic theory finally explains the making of business success.

KRAUS

The theory is based on the fundamental elements to make profit. If any element is missing, profit cannot be made. If any element is not being maximized, great profit cannot be made.

Even if you decide not to go into business for yourself, you will find the theory invaluable in all financial dealings. **$29. Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

"PROFIT INTERDEPENDENCE AND DEVELOPMENT", 15445 Ventura Blvd. Ste. 10, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered, in the late 1950s, she was wrestling with the beginnings of *Wide Sargasso Sea*. It is arguably her best book, a haunting novel about a Dominican girl who would become Mr. Rochester's mad wife in *Jane Eyre*. That and everything published afterward met with immediate critical approval, and she finally achieved the recognition she deserved. But by the end of her life, as mercilessly recorded in David Plante's *Difficult Women*, the squalor seemed to have gained the upper hand. She died in 1979.

Her literary executor, Francis Wyndham, had her instructions prohibiting a biography. His decision was to publish part of her correspondence instead; for as he says in his introduction, he felt that her concern was "not so much a desire for secrecy as a dread of inaccuracy." But the person revealed in her letters is a woman who intensely dislikes herself, who continually apologizes for herself, who makes dismal mistakes in her life and knows it and winces for herself. Accuracy? God forbid! She would probably have permitted a biography only if she'd been guaranteed the opposite of accuracy.

Whining, raging, rationalizing, self-deprecating, she emerges from these pages as a charter member of the "Of course it rained" school. That is, not only does she bemoan her misfortunes interminably, but she believes she has been singled out for these misfortunes by some personally vindictive and ironic fate. "I had a couple of decent rings but lost them (of course)" and "I have sent [my daughter] and her baby some silly Xmas presents which will probably be stolen by bandits en route. . . ." "Please forgive this exalted letter," she writes, "I know that's a great fault of mine. I get exalted and make people hate me and wish to avoid me. And as I have no money background or friends—well off they are with a juicy morsel to laugh at and lie about."

But as often happens with this type, there were times when her view of life seemed justified. When she tried to listen to a BBC broadcast of her work, the electricity promptly failed; on another occasion the clock was wrong and she missed most of the program. She appears to have attracted the craziest of neighbors; one accused her of being a witch, while another insisted that the real author was dead and Jean Rhys an imposter.

She alienated her friends, Francis Wyndham says, with "the air of helpless passivity with which she made her exigent demands." He suggests two reasons for this passivity: a lost, dependent feeling that dated from the breakup of that first love affair, and a "congenital physical fatigue." One wonders whether the dependent feeling might have pre-existed the love affair; it seems unusual for an educated, self-supporting young woman to have been set up (and then "pensioned off"—What a phrase!) by a lover. As for the fatigue, it forms the very fabric of these letters, for her most common plea is, "A quiet place, a quiet room where they'll let me have some tea and bread and butter in the morning. . . . And a bed that isn't hard where I can sleep and sleep and sleep." She writes, "My dear this is such an idiotic epistle but I can't write another. I'm so tired—" and (excusing a drinking bout), "But remember that I was also deadly deadly tired—cannot explain how tired." At times she seems barely able to haul her pen across the page.

She begs forgiveness for her drunken outbursts but reminds her correspondents that the parties insulted deserved it; she apologizes for the tone of her letters but never goes so far as to revise them; she wails about her inability to type but never thinks to pick up a manual and learn. Oh, good grief, we say in exasperation; and yet . . .

And yet, there are moments when she comes through as so sad and anxious and fluttery, so desperate to be liked that it breaks your heart. Just watch her with her daughter:

> I wish you could have stayed longer and I could have seen you more.
>
> We hardly talked at all and there was so much to say.
>
> Was it my fault?

And to a woman whose opinion of her manuscript was crucial:

> Did you get the book? It was posted the same day you rang me up Feb 17th.
>
> I know that one waits for the right mood before reading anything and making up one's mind and I'm perfectly sure that this is as it ought to be. It isn't delay but watching out for a "No" "Yes" "Now" "Never" which is generally dead right.
>
> So this isn't to say Have you read it? but Did you get it?

This is the value of the letters, finally: they form a magnificent character study. It's as if the author—an inspired characterizer in her fiction—could not resist exercising her talent upon herself as well, even if at her own expense. So a hopeless, helpless, infuriating but oddly appealing woman comes alive on these pages, and fairly elbows the reader in the ribs.

It's not all that important that the woman happens to have been a famous writer; as is the case with most writers, her day-to-day life sheds little light upon her fiction (though it's true that literary scholars will be interested in her extended discussions of *Wide Sargasso Sea*). You'll get more out of *The Letters of Jean Rhys* if you view it as a novel. A one-character novel, granted. But oh, what a character.

ANNE TYLER

THE MASTER OF AIX

Paul Cézanne: The Watercolors, A Catalogue Raisonné by John Rewald

(New York Graphic Society Books, 488 pp., $150)

The publication of John Rewald's long awaited *catalogue raisonné* of Cézanne's watercolors—a precursor of his catalogue of the paintings—is an occasion for an examination of the present state of our understanding of the master of Aix. Although he is the subject of endless exhibitions, books, and articles, Cézanne remains to this day an intellectual enigma, still an "artist's artist," whose achievement we acknowledge without possessing the clear concepts or the descriptive language to explain it.

Nearly eighty years after his death there is still no consensus about the sequence and dating of much of his work. We still are not sure which paintings of his are finished or unfinished. We have

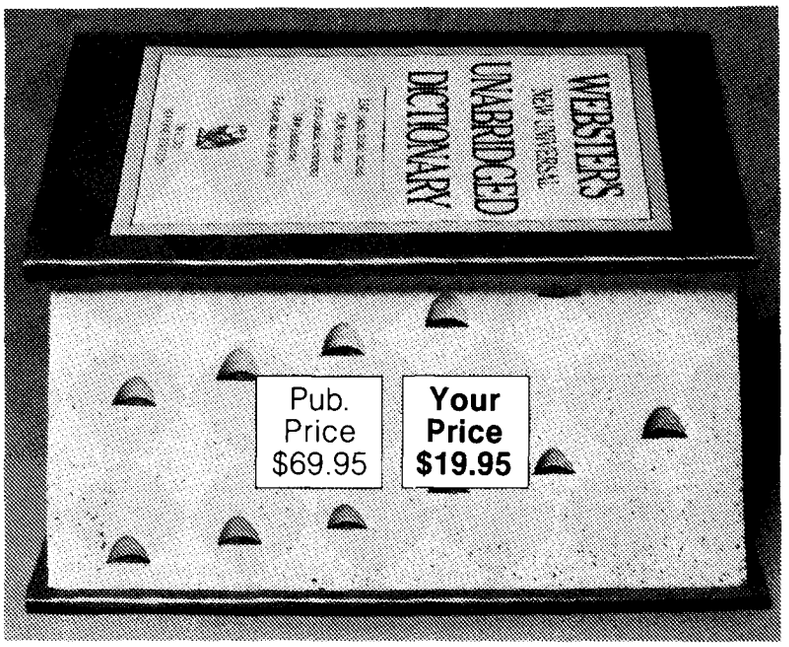
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highly contradictory interpretations of his own delphic statements about his objectives. And the paradoxes of his biography still amaze us: he was a provincial bigoted conservative who became a revolutionary of perception. The passionate and libidinous excess of the early work contrasts sharply with the intellectual gravity and purity of the late work. And how shall we account for the decades of technical clumsiness before he emerged as one of the most subtle and virtuoso performers with the brush in all history?

AS IS well known, Cézanne's paintings played a crucial role in the inception of Cubism, the dominant creative invention in the visual vocabulary of the twentieth century. In an important essay in the catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition, "Cézanne, The Late Work," in 1977, William Rubin precisely describes the unfolding of that influence on Braque, and then on Picasso, in the crucial years 1907-1909. Matisse also was an early admirer of Cézanne and collected his paintings and watercolors. (In a memorable catalogue entry Rewald records Alfred Stieglitz and Edward Steichen's visit in 1911 to Matisse's house, where they were shown the dining room in which seven Cézanne watercolors were displayed in a row.) Lesser artists of the heroic age of modernism, like Derain and Vlaminck, used Cézanne almost slavishly, while Delaunay, the Synchronists, the Orphists, and leading American painters between the wars such as Hartley, Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Maurer, and Marin, are all inconceivable without reference to him. Arshile Gorky, of the next generation, made such close imitations of Cézanne as to skirt the margins of forgery.

It is possible to divide Cézanne's career into three roughly defined periods. His youthful phase spans the time of his close friendship with Zola, when he was eager to storm the cultural bastions. The work he did then, during the 1860s through the early 1870s, is full of parody and allegorical subject matter, along with a passionate unleashing of personality and a heavy, trowel-like application of dark paint. His middle period, which culminates in the mid-1880s, is characterized by a lighter palette, by continued research and refinement, and by a sometimes Impressionist but increasingly structural style influenced by Pissarro. Finally, every critic ac-

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*



2,300 pages • 320,000 words • 3,000 illustrations • Full-color maps of the world

Now you can own the latest edition of one of the finest dictionaries in print—and at the same time save $50.

This giant reference work, over 2,300 pages long and about 4 inches thick, was originally published at $69.95. But Barnes & Noble—the world's largest bookstore—is offering it to you for the incredibly low price of only $19.95. That's less than two-thirds the original publisher's price.

Webster's—Standard Reference for More than 40 Years

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has been a standard reference work for more than 40 years. The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* continues that fine tradition and is one of the most complete and up-to-date dictionaries available today. Just look at what it contains:

- clear and accurate definitions for 320,000 words and phrases;
- more than 3,000 illustrations;
- a complete collection of full-color maps of the world;
- thumb-indexed for easy reference.

In addition, the entries are printed in large, clear type, making this dictionary especially easy for you to read.

19 Important Encyclopedic Supplements

These useful supplements offer a wide range of valuable encyclopedic information, including. . .

- A Dictionary of Geography
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words
- A Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names
- Most Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Commercial and Financial Terms
- Practical Business Mathematics
- Forms of Address
- Tables of Weights and Measures
- Presidents, Vice Presidents and Cabinet Officers of the United States
- Air Distances between Principal Cities
- Principal Geographical Features of the World

NOW SAVE $50

You might expect a dictionary that's this complete to cost you as much as $50, $60, or even $70. Indeed, the original publisher's price of *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* is $69.95. But now, by special arrangement with the Publisher, we can offer this fine reference work for the amazingly low price of only $19.95. That's a saving of $50.00 or 70% off the original publisher's price.

SINCE 1873
Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. W186, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1189398. Please rush me____copies of the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* at your special sale price of $19.95 (plus $3.00 shipping & insurance per volume.) N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A.

Your 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee
Examine this unabridged dictionary for up to 30 days. If you are not absolutely convinced that it is the finest dictionary you ever used, return it for a full and prompt refund.

✓Check One
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ I prefer to charge this purchase to:

☐ Discover Card ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account# Exp.

Signature

©1984, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledges Cézanne's mature late period which, I think, begins earlier than the arbitrary last decade chosen by the Museum of Modern Art, and would include all the Card Players, the versions of the Boy in the Red Vest, the "Allees" of Chantilly, the Smokers, and other crucial groups left out by the more restrictive definition.

THE EARLY watercolors, which are more correctly called gouaches, are awkward and crude in execution, but provoked some admiration among Cézanne's friends for their strangeness and intensity. As Rewald points out, it was three of these that Cézanne curiously included together with his oils in the second Impressionist exhibition of 1877. Indeed, as late as 1895, when Ambrose Vollard began to exhibit Cézanne's work regularly in his small Paris gallery, these bizarre expressionistic gouaches were, by the artist's choice, shown along with the delicate, late, prismatic watercolors. From the evidence of these early sheets, however, with their blatant sexual imagery and their crass attempts to join the Paris avant-garde by reference to Manet's *Olympia* and Courbet's *Nude with Parrot*, Cézanne could by no standard be called a great artist.

The oil paintings of that period, hacked out with a palette knife, are perhaps more compelling; but it was no wonder that his old friend Zola, recalling this immense struggle for expression supported by what seemed little talent or facility, made the central character of his roman à clef, *l'Oeuvre*, a failed artist who never realized his early promise. Cézanne, who had a strong intellect and a certain sophistication in spite of his rough manners and appearance, also had a clear sense of his own worth as a painter. After *l'Oeuvre* was published he broke with Zola; the two never met again.

In his earlier biography of Cézanne, Rewald brilliantly told the Zola-Cézanne story, as well as the essential outline of the artist's life. Once again relying on established facts and documents and allowing himself a minimum of personal critical comment or speculation, Rewald nevertheless unfolds his story with compelling drama. I cannot resist quoting his account of Count Doria's sale in 1899, when Cézanne's paintings began to find a market with collectors. A landscape sold for the unexpectedly high sum of 6,750 francs. The auction room stirred with disbelief and "the public, suspecting a maneuver, loudly demanded the buyer's name, whereupon the latter rose and declared: 'It is I, Claude Monet.' The sale proceeded without further incident."

This *catalogue raisonné* of the watercolors comes to us at an appropriate moment. The MOMA exhibition of "Late Cézanne" included many watercolors and reinforced the long suspected thesis that such sheets, with their transparent layers of color iridescently glowing on white spaces of blank paper, had a strong influence on the technique and the aesthetic achievements of the late oils. Rewald makes the point that generally Cézanne's watercolors are not studies for the paintings, but an independent parallel body of work that seeks solutions to visual problems in a different way.

I suspect, however, that Rewald, while statistically correct if one counts the surviving preparatory studies against the numerically larger group of independent sheets, is misleading on this point. He himself remarks upon the number of important paintings that were preceeded by related watercolors. In the case of the series of Card Players, he notes how few studies survive and assumes there were others which are now lost. It is true, nevertheless, that the search for an exact "sensation" before nature, which is the essence of Cézanne's lonely and dedicated project during his mature years, takes a somewhat different path in the watercolors. In these works the ground and the light are established by the white of the paper; in the paintings, however, surfaces are built up painfully by exact opaque brushstroke on top of brushstroke.

A well-produced *catalogue raisonné* of a major artist's work is a special aid to understanding. It provides a sequential and rational overview of the artist's development, and it includes the minor as well as the major work. It should be neutral about interpretation, but it provides the essential visual evidence for whatever analysis or critical evaluation we might wish to make. The 1936 Lionello Venturi catalogue, now a rare book that can cost several thousand dollars, was never more than a first effort. It was incomplete, uninformative in its individual entries, and positively misleading in its illogical dating and its thematic organization of the work. Now, nearly fifty years later, Rewald's catalogue is the first part of a thorough revision of Venturi, based in part on a study of Venturi's own later notes for publication. Rewald has spent many years confirming nearly 150 more watercolors as part of the canon, as well as purging the elderly Venturi's often unfortunate mistakes of certification.

Rewald arranges similar subjects and themes together in the dense catalogue entries and accompanying illustrations, but generally he maintains each group of motifs within its period of approximate dating. Given the problems of dating Cézanne's works, watercolors and paintings, Rewald prefers to suggest only fairly wide parameters such as "1880-85," established on the basis of style and other subjective criteria.

THE CATALOGUE's 645 illustrations offer a wonderful visual overview of the work itself. Its exhaustive entries unearth much arcane information, as well as an anthology of apt quotations from many earlier commentators. Here, as in Rewald's biography of Cézanne, the unfolding factual account can occasionally lead to high drama. For example, in the entry for watercolor number 550, *Roses dans une bouteille*, 1900-1904, we learn that the English art historian Douglas Cooper, in a scathing review of the Museum of Modern Art "Late Cézanne" exhibition, attacked the authenticity of this sheet, writing: "I would guess, since an imitative structure of lines is used meaninglessly to suggest a spacial area, that this watercolor was not executed before 1912 at the earliest." He goes on to complain that American professors make "a mock of Cézanne's life work . . . by loading it down with a miserable and technically incompetent pastiche of the master's pictorial methods and unique way of seeing things."

What Cooper did not know, because Venturi himself was ignorant of it, was that number 550 is one side of a sheet bearing watercolor number 136 of c. 1880 on its other side. Cooper never questioned number 136, which came from Vollard and was illustrated in his 1914 Cézanne biography. Rewald wrote a letter to the editor in answer to Cooper's charge. Here is his last paragraph:

> If we are to accept Cooper's verdict, Vollard must have asked, "not before 1912 at the earliest" some "miserable and technically incompetent" forger to draw on the reverse of a genuine Cézanne watercolor with a pastiche of the master! I do not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know whether there is anybody in the world who will seriously consider such a possibility and herewith invite Professor Cooper to explain what business a fake has on the back of an authentic Cézanne watercolor.

(The entry closes by saying "this letter was published in the September 1979 issue of *Books and Bookmen*. There has been no rejoinder from Douglas Cooper.")

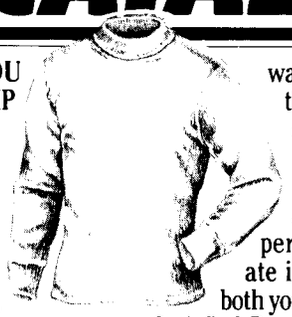
In his carefully written introduction, Rewald gives the most lucid account yet published of the development of Cézanne's watercolor style, its relationship to his paintings, and to his search for truthful sensations before nature, and to the ultimate critical acceptance and appreciation of the master's achievements. Much new and valuable information about Vollard's purchases from Cézanne provokes both questions and answers about the impetus behind the artist's burst of watercolors at the end of his life.

As he has done before, Rewald includes in this book, where it is most valuable, his own photographs of landscapes near Aix, taken nearly fifty years ago on walks through the contours of Cézanne's beloved countryside. Such visual evidence helps us to see the selectivity, synthesis, and essential truth of those sparse but precise notations by which the master chose to record the scene in front of him.

It will be for others to comb the myriad references to publications, exhibition catalogues, and records of ownership—dealers, collectors, museums, and auction houses—for the occasional inaccuracies in Rewald's work, if indeed there are any. For myself, having had some experience with such scholarship in a less formidable context, I am filled with admiration at the extent and completeness of the references for each work. And there are unexpected pleasures here—for example Rewald's amusing reconstruction of the earliest exhibitions of Cézanne's watercolors in New York and their critical reception by Willard Huntington Wright (whose pseudonym was S.S. Van Dine, author of the Philo Vance detective stories).

John Rewald, who gave us the first comprehensive history of Impressionism a generation ago, a book which is fundamental to all subsequent studies, has now given us the first part of a monumental revision and catalogue of the work of Cézanne—by far the greatest artist of the nineteenth cen-

FREE COLD WAR CATALOG



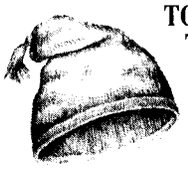
CHOOSE EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BEAT THE DAMP AND BITTER COLD.

Why bury yourself under layers of sweaters and scarves, bulky down coats, and scratchy wool pants? They restrict your movements, cost a small fortune, and don't really keep you all that warm.

The current Damart Thermolactyl catalog shows how to beat the cold from your head to your toes.

Without excess weight, without bulky clothing, without overheating.

FROM SLIPS TO SOCKS TO CAPS TO GLOVE LINERS TO GOOD OLD JOHNS IN EVERY SIZE.



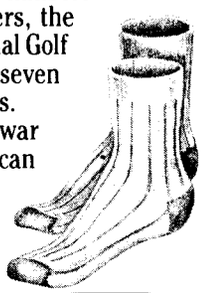
Sleek, supple, oh-so-warm Damart Thermolactyl is the perfect winter wardrobe. It keeps you warm on your way to the office without perspiring once you're there. It even lets you turn your thermostat way down and still be comfortably warm at home. Helps older folks prevent nagging aches associated with cold and dampness.

OUNCE FOR OUNCE—FAR WARMER THAN COTTON OR WOOL!

The secret of Damart's incredible warmth without weight is Thermolactyl, a machine-washable fiber that uses your own body heat to keep you warm. At the same time, you won't overheat because Thermolactyl b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s, allowing clammy perspiration to evaporate immediately from both your skin and clothing.

Satisfied Damart wearers include the U.S. Bobsled and Luge Teams, mountain climbers and polar explorers, the Ladies Professional Golf Association, and seven NFL football clubs.

They won the war against cold. You can too. Fight back today. Send for your colorful free catalog now.



VISIT OUR STORES IN ALBANY, N.Y. AND PORTSMOUTH, N.H. (603) 431-4700

WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT OR WETNESS.

© 1984, Damart

Damart

Mail to: DAMART, Dept. 10914
1811 Woodbury Avenue, Portsmouth, NH 03805

FREE CATALOG Yes—I want the Damart secret to warmth without weight. Please rush me your catalog without obligation.

A LIMITED WARRANTY TO CONSUMERS • Good Housekeeping • PROMISES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury. How timely to have this reminder of the painful struggles and the mighty achievements of that extraordinary generation which freed painting from the slavish academic prison of slick "finish," sentimental subject matter, and untruth to the reality of human perception. Now that our decadent and eclectic post-modern age is rediscovering the so-called "other nineteenth century" of Bougereau, Cabanel, and Alma-Tadema, whose Madonnas, Nymphs, and prurient Cecil B. de Mille fantasies of antiquity are again appreciated as conversation pieces and high camp, it is all the more important to have a voice calling us to order. Rewald's continuous and exemplary work on the great masters of early modernism is, finally, more than art history. It is a moral force.

EUGENE VICTOR THAW

Eugene Victor Thaw, an art dealer in New York, is co-author of *Jackson Pollock: A Catalogue Raisonné of Paintings, Drawings, and Other Works* (Yale University Press).

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape by Ann Thwaite

(University of Chicago Press, 567 pp., $25)

The first word uttered by the infant Edmund, according to his mother, was "book"; the cause of Sir Edmund's death at 79, according to his daughter, was renal retention. For half a century between, the man lived by giving out articles and perished by holding back urine: *the waste remains, the waste remains and kills*. What about the countless words? To Howells, one of his many American admirers, Gosse prophesied that he was likely to go down to Oblivion on the arm of Obloquy, and that is what has happened—almost. As so often, Gosse got it a little wrong.

Father and Son, his one good book, does not fade. Penguin keeps it in print, and even Virginia Woolf and Ezra Pound (quite separately) excepted it from Oblivion; that is modernism's judgment of the book which Shaw declared, on second reading, to be "one of the immortal pages of English literature." But what about the thirty volumes of literary gossip, as frisky as they are insipid? Granted, Gosse was the first to write in English about Ibsen, about Mallarmé, about Gide; but such priority shrivels when we consider what it was he wrote—condescending chat, this sort of thing:

> Quite recently, fresh light on the methods of Mallarmé has been thrown by the discovery and publication of a collection of four tales hitherto unknown. It is interesting to observe that they are written in a prose which, although voluptuous and subtle, is without the least obscurity. They are stories which give the reader no more trouble to peruse than do the tales of Mother Goose. It is curious to see that the most cryptic of all known authors could be perfectly lucid if he chose to be.

His true master, Gosse claimed, was Sainte-Beuve, an imperturbably metropolitan earthworm burrowing into biography for the analogical literary turnip. And if it is true that, like his master, Gosse was more than content to discuss secondary writers—not Mallarmé, ultimately, but Banville; not Gide but Bourget; not Ibsen but Bjørnson—he was too slight, too silly, too inaccurate to measure up to the Frenchman's journalistic standards. (There is, of course, another Sainte-Beuve altogether, the author of *Port-Royal*: Gosse produced no comparable monument.) What he measures up to is Sainte-Beuve's journalistic style, the true, the gushful hypocrite. In conversation and in prose, Gosse never went flat.

I have just read through—beguiled by the lovable figure Ann Thwaite has limned, as Gosse would say—nine volumes of his essays and reviews, his Aspects and Impressions, his Silhouettes, Sketches, Profiles and Diversions, his withered Leaves and Fruit, God help us (any second-hand bookshop will divulge astonishing quantities), as well as a discouraging quantity of the poems. Only the verse, every varnished villanelle and virelay, goes dead. Buzzing on about books, Gosse was a live wire. But what the current flowed *to* is no longer there: he has no terminal. For such a creature to have been read—and relied on!—by the thousands who waited weekly for his reconnaissance from Bookland, there had to exist a certain kind of society, a structure of consumption no longer evident, though perhaps not transformed out of existence.

But why do I so much admire, even to the point of enjoying, Ann Thwaite's painstaking biography, suitably subtitled "a literary landscape"? First of all, because it is so handsomely written, so scrupulously done, so reluctant to settle for stock valuations and the easy sneers (at Gosse) one finds in Anthony West's memoir of his father, H. G. Wells. And because it is so vivid and compassionate in exploring what is mistakenly called—by the *Village Voice*, for instance—a "vanished world." And then because the very patience and good humor of Thwaite's account of high-Victorian and Edwardian and early-Georgian bookishness (including Gosse's great friendships with Hardy and James, his minor ones with Browning and Swinburne, his exposure as a scholarly fraud by Churton Collins, his disastrous association with T. J. Wise, the forger, his pastoral homoerotic romance with the sculptor Hamo Thornycroft); because the exhaustive anatomization of Gosse's "abolished office," as T. S. Eliot called it, affords a gradual realization that such functions—the functions of the obsolescent "man of letters"—do not really vanish after all; they are but recast. Sir Edmund Gosse, late Librarian to the House of Lords, becomes—by way of Remy de Gourmont in France, of Huneker and Mencken here, of Cyril Connolly and Raymond Mortimer over there, and again, here, by way of Alexander Woollcott and Joseph Wood Krutch—Edmund Gosse becomes . . . Edmund Wilson! the punctual exponent of modern literacy at its most acceptable.

This lineage of uncertain names (is there a reader of THE NEW REPUBLIC under 50 who knows Woollcott's power to "make" a book in a single broadcast—who even knows who Alexander Woollcott was, beyond The Man Who Came to Dinner?) is a kind of homage I would pay to Ann Thwaite's scrupu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lous, suggestive biography. She helps us understand how such figures have functioned among us, how they fade, and how they reform. But I have further cause for taking pleasure in this leisurely "literary landscape," for recommending it to readers who may well find the prospect of it as a genealogy of the literary marketplace somewhat languid. No danger of their finding it so once they begin, however; by sensational quotations of texts, letters, and conversations, Thwaite has made herself a landscapist indeed, one of those delicate but detailed British topographers who manages to combine mere particulars in a shimmer of significant "tone." For example, she cites this consoling advice from Andrew Lang to Gosse: "Take no notice of reviewers who will give you the skimmed milk of yourself, diluted with the water of tasteless and careless incompetence." That is the high-Victorian epistolary note at its most executive, and it adds an iridescence of its own to Thwaite's consistently active narrative.

NO, my ulterior reason for commendation is more problematic, and I had better put it as a question—a question to which I am prompted by this biography's coming so hard on the heels of the fourth volume of Henry James's letters (1895-1916). Don't you feel, as the picture of late-Victorian and Edwardian biography at last begins to show us what the lives of these men and women were really like—and when we say "really like," we always mean "what their sexual lives were like"—don't you feel that there is a fatal relation, perhaps even a proportionality, between the hypertrophied verbal production of these figures and the distortions and disguises of their erotic existence?

Now it may be that erotic existence is always, by its nature, distorted and disguised. In those decades, however, it had to be disguised as well from the very consciousness of those who were "leading" such lives. Or so it seems. Consider such men as Barrie, the three Benson brothers, Oscar Browning, John Addington Symonds, Frederick Rolfe (Corvo), Henry James, Shaw, Kipling, Beerbohm, Carpenter, and Havelock Ellis; stir in Gosse; ponder the revelations from their own texts and from the frank biographical scrutiny they are only just now receiving. Isn't there reason to assume some sort of visitable equivalence between such verbality of a particularly voluminous order and the range of alienated sexuality, from a most explicit (and sentimental) pedophilia to a delicately renounced homosexual love ("to redefine and cultivate—not to repress and destroy," as Gosse handsomely put it)?

If there is anything in such a proposition, however crudely put, then we need the documents, the honest biographies, and unflinching scrutiny in order to put the matter less crudely. It is for this reason, finally, that I am grateful to Ann Thwaite: she has added another piece to the puzzle, one very curiously shaped, and one that "fits" without forcing into the new "literary landscape" we are endeavoring to make out. The relations between literature and sex have never been clear; perhaps they cannot be. But are we not learning, with such help as this, that such relations do exist, that they have a meaning?

RICHARD HOWARD

Richard Howard is at work on a study of André Gide.

POLES APART

A Warsaw Diary 1978-1981
by Kazimierz Brandys
translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie

(Random House, 260 pp., $17.95, $8.95 paper)

The Passion of Poland: From Solidarity Through the State of War
by Lawrence Weschler

(Pantheon, 263 pp., $10.95 paper)

The Polish Revolution: Solidarity
by Timothy Garton Ash

(Charles Scribner's Sons, 388 pp., $17.95)

Poland today is a country of the young. Nearly 60 percent of its population is under the age of 40, with perhaps half of those well under 30. Yet it is also a country with a singular passion for its own history. This passion is fed by the near-universal hatred of the Communist regime, and by the latter's transparent manipulation of Poland's historical record. Millions of Poles, exquisitely aware that—in the words of a slogan launched by the political opposition in the 1970s—"the press [and radio, and television, and most of the textbook literature served up by the regime's academic courtiers] is lying," have made it their business to learn what actually happened in their country, rather than what is supposed to have (or not have) happened.

In 1978, I wandered into some of Warsaw's public libraries, and was struck by the sight of young men and women poring over yellowed copies of pre-war Polish newspapers. They were hungry, as some of them told me, not only for stories about domestic politics and international affairs, but for anything that would give them a taste of "an authentic society": crime reports, social columns, book reviews, literary polemics, theater and cinema programs—even the faintly lascivious condom advertisements invariably displayed on the papers' "entertainment" pages.

To satisfy their hunger, however, Poles need not resort only to old papers and books, to émigré publications smuggled in from the West, or to the enormous volume of clandestine literature. They have within their midst a number of living witnesses to the latest chapters of their country's tortuous his-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

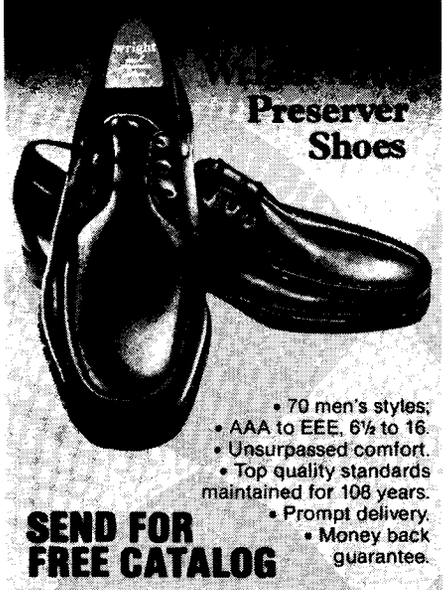
LET ME DIE
BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)
Guide to self-deliverance for the dying.
128 pp. $11 (incls. shipping)
Hemlock Society
P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES
JESUS NEVER EXISTED!
Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE! Send $4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-D, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.

"VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV has been reinstated as a member of the Soviet Communist Party at the age of 94, and is now in good position for the struggle to succeed Konstantin Chernenko. But Molotov will still have to reckon with younger contenders, like Georgi Malenkov, 82, who is currently living quietly in Moscow. Molotov reportedly hopes to forge a rainbow coalition of progressives, while Malenkov is said to stress the need for new ideas."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-17. 150 East 35th Street. New York, N.Y. 10016.

Perfect Fit–by Mail!
We guarantee it!



• 70 men's styles;
• AAA to EEE, 6½ to 16.
• Unsurpassed comfort.
• Top quality standards maintained for 108 years.
• Prompt delivery.
• Money back guarantee.

SEND FOR
FREE CATALOG

Executive Shoes, Dept. 1404, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
Send FREE catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes

Name
Address
City State Zip

tory. These people, now in their late 60s and older, spent their formative years in inter-war Poland, survived the Nazi occupation, and often played significant roles under the Communist reign. Some are former members of anti-Communist political parties, released from jail after Gomulka's return to power in 1956. Others are discredited Communist leaders, living out their years in discreet retirement. Still others are intellectuals—writers, journalists, historians, artists, who had made up part of the regime's "loyal opposition," or joined the party after the war, only to tear up their membership cards in disgust years later.

KAZIMIERZ Brandys belongs to the latter group. Born in the textile city of Lodz in 1916, he came with his parents to Warsaw in the early 1930s and graduated from law school on the eve of World War II. Like many decent and idealistic people in those days, Brandys joined the Polish Socialist Party, one of the very few political groups in inter-war Poland to fuse a commitment to social justice with a firm rejection of the malignant xenophobia that had come to pervade the country's political spectrum. After the war, Brandys, again like many other left-wing intellectuals, joined the Communist Party and published, in the course of the next several years, a number of thumpingly "socialist realist" novels. Buffeted by successive waves of doubt and disillusionment, he finally left the party in 1966. "I had my doubts," he notes in another section of the book, "from the beginning, but the stronger they were, the more I repressed them and the more vociferous were my denials of them." A familiar syndrome.

Since the 1960s Brandys has devoted himself equally to literature and to the activities of the burgeoning intellectual and political opposition. In the late 1970s he co-founded, with several other leading writers, the unofficial literary quarterly *Zapis*, and was promptly put on the government's blacklist. The birth of Solidarity caught him in Paris, and he returned to Poland in the spring of 1981. On the eve of martial law Brandys accepted an invitation to lecture in the United States, and then moved to Paris, where he resides today.

A Warsaw Diary 1978-1981 consists of selections from two volumes of Brandys's memoirs in Polish, superbly translated by Richard Lourie. It is not a diary in the conventional sense of the word, but rather a *journal des pensées*, in which reflections and random observations—on literature, art, Marxism, and of course, Polish history—are interspersed with occasional pages of reportage and personal reminiscences.

THERE are some fine pages of observations on daily events—the stuff an ordinary diary is made of. Inherently skeptical and ironic, Brandys, while profoundly affected by the rise of Solidarity, does not close his eyes to some less endearing aspects of Polish life at that time—the callous behavior of people standing in the ubiquitous queues, the corruption rotting every layer of society, the brutish egoism of peasants, whose "peculiar love . . . for their fatherland . . . allows them to look with indifference upon city people wracked by food shortages," the occasional eruptions of anti-Semitism. "Let's not deify the 'people,' " he writes in a characteristic passage:

> there are dark forces and feelings in them too. Someone threw stones at the windows of a rebuilt Warsaw synagogue, breaking them. Konwicki [a distinguished author and film-director] . . . turned pale: "There are people living right next door and no one tried to stop it. How can that be? A country that is proud of its Pope and wants to be on a first name basis with God is, after all, obliged. . . . " Someone else says that apparently anti-Semitic moods are also making their way into Solidarity. Given the similarities in the fates of the Poles and the Jews, which are so apparent to me, this seems particularly unbelievable. You leave such conversations with a feeling that the rug has been pulled out from under your feet.

Yet if *A Warsaw Diary* demonstrates some of the fine qualities of a quintessential twentieth-century Polish intellectual—sagacity, erudition, mordant irony—it also betrays certain blind spots, chief among them an addiction to a paranoid ethnocentrism that sees Poland as the perennial victim of deliberate malice or monstrous indifference on the part of the outside world. It is compounded—for all his exposure to Western culture—by an inability to understand the ways and values of Western societies. Not unlike the Russian Slavophiles of the mid-nineteenth century (or their present-day epigones, like Solzhenitsyn), Brandys tends to see the West as selfish, corrupted by material values, unable to rise above its parochial concerns. Salvation, apparently, can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come only by a massive Western effort to cast its lot with the victims of Soviet (read: Russian) imperialism."We mean nothing to the Westerners," says Brandys at one point,

> The revolutionary intellectuals are as indifferent to us as the housewives and storekeepers. Ireland and Chile mean more to Poles than the events of the last six months in Poland mean to the people in the West.

If such an extravagant charge does little credit to Brandys, neither does his glossing over or romanticizing of some of Poland's less seemly historical episodes. Brandys is a knowledgeable man. He knows that inter-war Poland (1918-1939), for all its "normalcy" and "authentic life as a nation" (those qualities which the readers in Warsaw were so desperately trying to savor) was not exactly the very model of a modern democratic society. Marshal Józef Pilsudski, who seized and maintained himself in power from 1926 to 1935, was a relatively benign dictator but a dictator nonetheless. After him, until the war, came a group of weak and corrupt "colonels" who gradually succumbed to the poisons emanating from Nazi Germany. Yet in July 1981 Brandys notes in his diary:

> Between the wars, Poland was a middle-ranking European state . . . it voted in a democratic constitution, repelled an invasion, and weathered the worldwide depression. . . . Between 1918 and 1939 there were no signs of instability in Polish society. . . . That peculiar Poland was not one of Europe's leading countries, but it was organically healthy and the majority of its society was immune to totalitarian madness. . . .

As a mixture of distortions, half-truths and omissions this statement can hardly be surpassed. What a pity to see it come from the author of what is in the main an astute and deeply moving book. And what a pity, too, that these self-serving myths are offered to a generation of Poles eager to escape the mendacities of their official historians.

A Warsaw Diary, then, is not solely, or even primarily, about the Solidarity movement. To understand this momentous chapter in contemporary Polish history, the reader could do no better than to turn to Lawrence Weschler's *The Passion of Poland* and Timothy Garton Ash's *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity*.

Lawrence Weschler is a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, who had no previous experience either in Poland or in any other Communist country. In May 1981 he landed at the Warsaw Airport, much like a man might land on Mars, armed with tape recorders, notepads, an interpreter and—above all—an insatiable curiosity about what was happening in Poland. He stayed a few months, returned in September and again a year later, during Poland's "state of war," and published his impressions in several issues of *The New Yorker*. *The Passion of Poland* comprises these articles, plus an epilogue covering the events of 1983.

It is, as reportage, a remarkable work. Weschler manages to capture both the excitement and the pathos of a people defying its past, and for the first time since World War II bravely attempting to write its own history. His style occasionally verges on the flip, and his numerous informants too often sound disconcertingly American. But it may be precisely Weschler's weakness for the vernacular that enables him to explain some of the more complex issues, such as the devastating collapse of the Polish economy, or Solidarity's seemingly arcane discussions about workers' "self-management," or Polish attitudes toward the Catholic Church, in a manner both deceptively simple and incisive.

TEACHERS

Challenge Your Students With

THE NEW REPUBLIC

IF YOU TEACH political science, economics, literature, international relations or history, we invite you to consider using THE NEW REPUBLIC in your classroom. Many of our readers were first introduced to THE NEW REPUBLIC in school and found the magazine then (as now) to be a valuable supplement to their formal education.

NOW YOU CAN influence tomorrow's decision makers. For only 50¢ per copy each week—*a savings of 47% off the regular subscription rate*—you can order THE NEW REPUBLIC for terms of one week to a full school year.

SO MAIL YOUR order in today. Every issue is an education in itself—and at 50¢ an issue, you can't beat it.

For more information call (202) 331-7494

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Classroom Dept.
1220 19th Street NW, Suite 200
Washington, DC 20036

Please enter my CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Number of student copies weekly* _____
(instructor's copy at no charge)

Starting date _____ Ending date _____

Signature _____

☐ Bill me ☐ Payment enclosed

*10 copies per week minimum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, Weschler's lack of intimate familiarity with Polish affairs often leads to errors of fact and judgment. He is, for instance, clearly shocked by evidence of lingering anti-Semitism in Poland and moved by the attempts of a group of young Jews, all born into assimilated homes, to rediscover their ethnic and cultural identity. The complexities of this phenomenon elude him. Weschler repeats the standard apologetic version of Polish anti-Semitism, embraced uncritically by his (largely ignorant) Jewish friends: that pogroms were a strictly Russian invention, and anti-Semitism in general resulted, in the nineteenth century, from the preponderance of Jewish capitalists in Poland, and during the two world wars and after from the inordinately large number of Jews in the Communist Party, all of which is plain rubbish.

Occasionally wrong or weak on matters of Polish history or political culture, Weschler is sure-footed in dealing with current events. He is excellent, for example, in depicting the various dilemmas embedded in Poland's "self-limiting revolution": the position of a society both hating the government and having the power to overthrow it, yet finding itself unable to do so; the curious spectacle of Solidarity advisers and leaders engaging in protracted negotiations with authorities whom they suspected (rightly) of deceit and hypocrisy; the union's obsession with democratic procedures that drained its collective energy.

One of the questions that haunts all observers of Poland—and since martial law the underground Solidarity activists as well—is whether Solidarity's fate could have been averted, or whether it was doomed from the very beginning. Closely allied to it is the question of Jaruzelski's role: did he, by placing his country in a "state of war," save it from a far more sinister fate—that is, a Soviet invasion? Does he represent the "lesser evil"? It is a theory propounded, of course, by the general's propaganda machine, but it has also gained some currency in the West, even among people not favorably disposed to Warsaw's military regime.

Weschler is not naïve enough to accept it hook, line, and sinker. That the situation in Poland was rapidly deteriorating in the months preceding the coup, that the population was becoming increasingly restless, that Solidarity escalated its political demands, is all a matter of record. But who was responsible for it? The device of turning the victim into the culprit, says Weschler, is but a species of hypocrisy aimed at exonerating Jaruzelski from any "complicity in allowing the situation to have deteriorated to this point." He argues forcefully, showing how the strategy pursued by the ruling apparat—provocations, bad faith, delaying tactics, unfulfilled promises, and meretricious attacks in the public media—all helped to radicalize Solidarity and thus to provide the general with an alibi for launching his military crackdown.

NEVERTHELESS, Weschler goes on speculating: Isn't Jaruzelski essentially a "moderate"? Didn't he, by staging his coup, prevent a "grab of power" by his own "hard-liners," and wouldn't the latter have been infinitely more catastrophic for the country? And once in power, hasn't he successfully resisted the insistent urgings of the Kremlin, or at least of the "hard-liners" in the Kremlin, to pursue a more ruthless and repressive policy?

It is, of course, perfectly legitimate to raise these questions, but Weschler's answer—that "Jaruzelski was shielding Poland from the full weight of Soviet wrath as expressed through the machinations of the Kremlin's local vassals," both on December 13, 1981, and ever since is far less plausible than he makes it out to be. Compared to some other members of the Polish apparat, Jaruzelski might perhaps be described as a "moderate." He certainly has not unleashed the reign of terror that some of his more brutish colleagues have apparently urged him to do. And perhaps some of the Polish "hawks" have their counterparts in the Soviet ruling elite, too.

But by engaging in these endless "Kremlinological" speculations (on the strength of "evidence" that is at best fragmentary and more likely spurious), Weschler misses what is perhaps one of the major lessons of Solidarity's debacle and its aftermath—namely, that Jaruzelski's coup served the interests of the Soviet Union no less than that of the Polish ruling class *in toto*. For Solidarity posed not only a grave threat to the cohesion of the Soviet bloc and Moscow's position within it, but also to the very security and power and privileges of Poland's ruling elite. That includes the upper and middle echelons of the party

ROMEWALKS

by Anya M. Shetterly

Just Published!

A New Republic Book

Four intimate walking tours of Rome's most historic and enchanting neighborhoods, with maps, photos, and a selected list of restaurants and shops.

_____ @ $9.95 (paperback) _____

ISGN: 0-03-061913-0

Postage (5% of above subtotal) _____

Handling .75

Applicable state and local taxes _____

Total Enclosed: _____

Send to: Trade Order Dept.
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
521 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10175

Prices subject to change without notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparat, the large managerial elite, the police and security forces, and the powerful officers' caste of the Polish Army, with its numerous generals and colonels (larger than that of any other East European army), all of whom have one overriding interest in common: never, under any circumstance, to relinquish the power to which they have clung for over thirty-five years. Though there may be those in Moscow who think Jaruzelski has failed to deal with his opponents in an appropriately "Bolshevik" manner (mass arrests, shooting, and the like), they also know that he is their most faithful and reliable ally.

NOBODY understands this better, and no one has argued it more compellingly, than Timothy Garton Ash in his superb *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity*. Of all the works on recent Polish history, none matches Garton Ash's lucid account of the nature and history of the Solidarity movement, his masterful analysis of the complex reasons that had led to Jaruzelski's military coup, his grasp of Polish history and its understanding of Communist politics in general. Combining the best virtues of scholarship and journalism, Garton Ash brings to the subject not only a wealth of understanding and knowledge, but above all a mind at once open and rigorous in its ability to sort out fact from fiction, and sentiment from reality.

Solidarity was unique, as Garton Ash demonstrates, not merely because it was the largest popular revolution against Communist rule in Eastern Europe, but also because it defied the simplistic labels frequently conferred upon it by Western observers. It was a spiritual no less than a social movement. It was (and is) imbued with the ethical teachings of the Catholic Church, above all its stress on the sanctity of the individual, as well as with some of the egalitarian social values borrowed from the socialist tradition. It was, of course, a profoundly national revolt, conscious of the history of Polish struggles against foreign oppression. But at the same time it was not, as some Western scholars would have it, "just another in the long line of national insurrections"; only a few of its leaders (though, to be sure, by the end of 1981 an increasing number of rank-and-file members) ever "imagined that they could achieve what all previous insurrections had set out to achieve, full independence." But because it lasted for such an astonishingly long time, it succeeded in transforming, perhaps forever, the consciousness of the vast majority of Poles.

It was precisely because of this change of consciousness, as Garton Ash astutely observes, that Jaruzelski is not likely to realize his hope of becoming a "Polish Kadar." He will not be the man who, like the Hungarian Communist leader, first drowns a popular uprising in blood and then, with Moscow's generous help, compensates his people for their lack of freedom with a huge dose of consumerism. Neither Moscow, nor for that matter the West, stands ready to provide Jaruzelski with the wherewithal to repair Poland's ravaged economy, while at the same time satisfying his quest for legitimacy. More important, the Poles, unlike post-1956 Hungarians, already have "the consciousness of belonging to something called 'the society,'" whereas "in Hungary . . . 'civil society' had been destroyed after 1956," and its citizens "were only just beginning, with painful slowness, to reconstruct it." This consciousness, says Garton Ash, quoting some Hungarian friends of his, placed Poland in 1983, curious though it may seem,

> in a better condition than Hungary. It was in a better condition because millions of Poles, and in particular, a whole generation of educated younger workers, had sixteen months' direct experience of democracy. Of what other Communist country could that be said? It was in a better condition because for sixteen months the Poles had put an end to the lies and the double life on which every Soviet system is built.

To the cynic, or to the hard-nosed believer in realpolitik, such views may seem hopelessly dewy-eyed. But anyone who has followed Jaruzelski's unsuccessful attempts to attain "normalization"—that is, to bring the Poles to their knees—must recognize their essential validity.

Of the many admirable aspects of Garton Ash's book, his final two chapters deserve special mention. In the first, "What Revolution?," he examines the three broad postmortem views of Solidarity's fate: that "it was impossible from the start"; that "Solidarity went too far"; and that Solidarity "did not go far enough." He is scathing yet fair in dismissing all three of them. The second one, he argues—more or less along the lines I outlined above—is an apologia for the Jaruzelski coup. The third, though deriving from the convictions of some of the "fundamentalist"-minded rank-and-file members of Solidarity, seems to be particularly attractive to what Garton Ash calls Western "International Socialists," for whom "the use of violence is inherent in a revolutionary perspective!" The words come from a British left-wing magazine. Garton Ash comments: "One can only admire the insouciant courage with which these comrades would risk other people's lives. This, to speak with Orwell, is a kind of playing with fire by people who don't even know that fire is hot."

It is with regard to the first proposition, however—that Solidarity "was impossible from the start"—that Garton

SEND HIM BACK TO THE RANCH!

SELL POPULAR BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS AND THE FUNNIEST COWBOY REAGAN PUPPETS YOU'LL EVER SEE!

© Oliver Tracy P.O. Box 14265 PORTLAND, OR 97214

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY
by E. Waterhouse Allen

Election Year! Do you Know The Types who Know—How to execute an agency-or a nation?

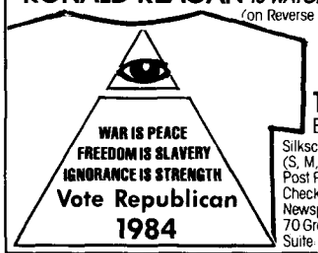
Wicked satire, distilled from 50 years work in human services agencies. 1st edit., $3.95

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

Over 2,500 paperbacks in all fields!
FREE COMPLETE DOVER CATALOG

2,500 attractive paperbacks, most under $5.00, formerly $15.00 to $500. Juveniles, photography, fiction, science, crafts, art, design. *"Striking bargains that are a rebuke to most other American publishers."*—Newsweek. Write Dover Publications, Dept. A142, 31 E. 2nd Street, Mineola, NY 11501.

RONALD REAGAN *IS WATCHING* **YOU**
(on Reverse Side of T-Shirt)



1984 T-SHIRTS
Beautiful Red
Silkscreened 2 Sides
(S, M, L, XL) $9.95
Post Paid. Send Check or m/o:
Newspeak Designs
70 Greenwich Av.
Suite 410A NYC 10011

CORRECTION

An editorial error garbled a little history in Jan Kott's review of Josef Skvorecky's *The Engineer of Human Souls*. The "Prague Spring" lasted eight months, not three; and the Soviet invasion took place in August 1968, not in March.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ash makes his most incisive and useful remarks. It is based, he says, on a plainly wrong premise—that Marxist-Leninist systems are totally impervious to change, and it ignores the fact that "not only in Poland, but all over the socialist world, things are happening all the time which Marxism-Leninism has scientifically demonstrated to be impossible." In Poland the hope of effecting a meaningful "institutional compromise," however slim, stemmed largely from the conviction—shared by many Solidarity advisers—that "the Communist ruling class might just be compelled to accept some long-term *modus vivendi* with Solidarity as a lesser evil, not from any 'liberal' goodwill, but from a rational perception of its own self-interest."

That the outcome was different does not invalidate this assumption. Throughout the life of Solidarity, both the union and the regime were confronted with sets of alternative reactions to given circumstances. Time after time disastrous choices were made—by both the union and the government. For the first seven months after the Gdansk accord was signed, the onus must decisively be placed on the regime. In crisis after crisis it became crystal clear that many members of the ruling elite "were determined not to abide by the spirit of the social accords, but rather to fight Solidarity with all the means at their disposal."

For their part, Solidarity's leaders, who at least recognized that an awesome austerity program alone would confer economic benefits, and who were willing to attempt to convince union members of the need for such a program in return for a quid pro quo, were infuriated by the regime's recalcitrance. Under immense and continually growing pressure from below, Solidarity indeed became more radicalized. Unquestionably its August 1981 demands—let alone those of November—went far beyond the demands of one year earlier. And among the several reasons for the increase in popular pressure on Solidarity, Garton Ash singles out the economic collapse, for which the Poles rightly held the regime responsible. The regime, expecting, indeed demanding, severe sacrifices from Polish workers, was unwilling to grant them a role in managing (in any meaningful sense) their work places. In other words, the demands on both sides had escalated; yet the stakes were not the same for both sides.

It is on the issue of economics that Garton Ash puts forward perhaps his most controversial opinion, but one which is eminently sound. It is that August 1980 through December 1981 offered the West an opportunity to transform a political situation through economic means, comparable to the post-World War II opportunity met by the Marshall Plan. He fully recognizes all the reasons the West was reluctant to undertake it (if it ever considered it at all); also that the chances of success were never very great. Still, had the West come forward with significant economic aid during that sixteen-month period—aid rendered quietly, without fanfare—the possibility for a compromise between Solidarity and the authorities would have increased.

There is certainly, as he says, ample evidence that both the regime and the population wanted the West to provide such aid, though they disagreed about conditions. And he faults not only the banks for failing to seize the opportunity, but even more the political imagination of the West. He is particularly—and rightly—harsh about the Reagan Administration's attitude toward Solidarity. For the American right the Polish crisis was a peculiar mixture of qualities; some (such as Solidarity's alliance with the Church and its patriotism) were easy to support, others—notably its commitment to socialist egalitarianism—hard to swallow. Solidarity did not, Garton Ash sagely remarks, fit into the Manichean view of the world which this Administration holds. After the imposition of martial law consistency was easier—economic war against both Poland and the Soviet Union was, for Reagan and his associates, an understandable and natural weapon.

Will the West learn from this experience? Garton Ash's words merit attention:

> For Western governments, one obvious lesson of Solidarity would seem to be that political change in the Soviet bloc is as likely to be spasmodic, "revolutionary" and forced from below, as gradual, evolutionary, and controlled from above. In the past, these spasms have occurred roughly every twelve years: 1956, 1968 and 1970, 1980. But with the whole bloc in such economic straits (due to the political straightjacket) it is unlikely to be another twelve years before the next revolutionary upheaval. Western nations should therefore prepare themselves to support the next one better than they did Solidarity. The experience of the last decade suggests that while the West's economic power cannot be used effectively as a lever or as a stick, it can sometimes be used to *facilitate* economic and political reforms which an East European regime wishes, or is compelled by pressure from below, to introduce.

Lawrence Weschler ends his book by referring to a "simple logo" that he saw

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Illogic of American Nuclear Strategy by Robert Jervis (Cornell University Press). A rigorous analysis of the latest thinking about the bomb. (Reviewed 9/3/84)

An Uncommon Man: The Triumph of Herbert Hoover by Richard Norton Smith (Simon & Schuster). The odyssey of a dogmatic but misunderstood man. (9/3/84)

The Engineer of Human Souls by Josef Skvorecky (Knopf). An epic novel of a Czech émigré's life. (8/27/84)

The Second Self: Computers and the Human Spirit by Sherry Turkle (Simon & Schuster). The inner consequences of the new technology. (8/13&20/84)

River by Ted Hughes (Harper & Row). The return of an important poet. (9/3/84)

Karl Marx Collective: Economy, Society and Religion in a Siberian Collective Farm by Caroline Humphrey (Cambridge University Press). Marx meets Buddha in Siberia; a scholarly study of a strange corner of the world. (8/6/84)

Concrete by Thomas Bernhard (Knopf). A study of despair by a major Austrian novelist. (8/13&20/84).

Behind the Mask: On Sexual Demons, Sacred Mothers, Transvestites, Gangsters, Drifters and Other Japanese Cultural Heroes by Ian Buruma (Pantheon). Everything you wanted to know. (8/13&20/84)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

displayed during his last visit to Warsaw: CDN. It stands for *Ciag Dalszy Nastapi* ("to be continued"). "The saga of Poland," he says, "is definitely CDN." Similarly, Garton Ash ends his book by predicting that "there certainly will come a day, sooner or later, when we . . . will again be reminded that the Poles are still waiting, impatiently, for freedom."

By which time, let us hope, the world will be better prepared to help.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

BRIEF REVIEW

Alberta and Jacob
Alberta and Freedom
Alberta Alone
by Cora Sandel
translated by Elizabeth Rokkan

(Ohio University Press, 247 pp., 254 pp., 297 pp., $15.95 each, $7.95 paper, each)

Tromso, Norway, is a little over two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. Isolated, sparsely populated, and all too often icebound, it is the kind of place that breeds resignation. The winter days are short, gray, and cold, the jagged coastal landscape inhospitable. The town itself, small and somewhat defensive about its location, cannot help but be oppressive. In these unpromising surroundings Cora Sandel spent her adolescence, and here she sets *Alberta and Jacob*, the first novel of her newly rediscovered trilogy. (Published in Norwegian in 1926-1939, the books were translated into English in the 1960s, but—inexplicably—drew little attention and soon were out of print.)

The stark setting of her childhood clearly had an enormous effect on Sandel, and has just as great a hold on her fictional counterpart. Young Alberta has a somewhat dogged streak, but even more than determination, what her rugged environment gives her is an ability to make do, at least temporarily, with very little.

She needs it. Even within her family, life is far from enviable. The Selmers are bound by narrow circumstances; bleak though life is in Tromso, they cannot afford the passage south. At 15 Alberta is plucked from school so that the money can be spent on her brother's education. She passes her days dispiritedly doing the household chores and contriving ways to get warm; whenever she can, she steals steaming gulps of coffee from the pot on the stove and waters down what remains to avoid her mother's suspicion. Her mother, dreary as well as stingy, is given to sighing over Alberta's domestic incompetence and shortage of charm. Her father is as unhappy as his wife and consequently drinks, causing Alberta much worry and humiliation. Her parents, naturally, quarrel continually.

Out of this general wretchedness, however, emerges Alberta's remarkable sensibility. Predictably, she yearns to get away—from her family, from the creeping numbness of the townspeople, from north Norway. She doesn't know precisely what she's after; all she knows is that it's in the south. It's there, she thinks, that "life was lived and events took place."

She does, in the course of the trilogy, make it there, but her early days in the north have two lingering effects. Never, it seems, can she get warm enough—never is there quite enough food or light or company to erase the chilly desolation of her childhood. And, having been brought up in a place that acknowledged to itself that life happened elsewhere, she never quite feels part of what's going on around her.

Her status as observer, however, is central to the nature of these books. There is little here in the way of plot, and what there is runs true to the form of novels about people who yearn for more and try to find it. Alberta leaves home, goes to Paris, meets artists and writers, has several difficult relationships with men, tries to make a living. Her experience has been described by some critics in feminist terms, but this is slightly misleading. She does struggle to define a life and a career for herself, but she doesn't think about her predicament politically. In one sense though, she is a feminist heroine: like many novels of the genre, these are concerned with the slow, incremental nature of their heroine's development and with her sense of being on the fringe of things. For all the vivid particularity of her prose, Alberta is an oddly detached viewer.

Her descriptions, though, are certainly vivid. Since much of what she describes—rotting fish, cruel husbands—is unpleasant, they are also sometimes hard going. A tolerance for unforgiving temperaments, as well as unforgiving landscapes, is required to read these books. But the same intensity of description provides some lovely details: the exact smell of boxwood on a crowded street in August; a narrow brook flowing "solitary and intricate among the meadows." Alberta survives on her capacity to see these things. Living alone in Paris, in a tiny room where mice drown in the washbasin, she tells herself, "It was already something of a feat not to be lying becalmed in quite the wrong place—and after all, this was life, life itself, irreplaceable." There is, at times, something grim about her tenacity, but there is something admirable too. Beneath her determined accuracy of description runs a stubborn refusal either to romanticize life or to give up on it.

KATHLEEN KEARNS

Kathleen Kearns is a former TNR reporter-researcher.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

forum. First, he said that there had been an exchange of fire, although Senator Kennedy's witnesses said the firing had been exclusively in one direction. Second, he said that some of those reported "kidnapped" had gone voluntarily.

Nowhere did I offer an "account of what actually happened" at Sumubila. It is Mr. Mendez who does so. I find it strange that he assumes that the camp's residents felt free to talk frankly to him after, in his words, "the authorities of Sumubila showed me around." My point was that there are conflicting accounts, that there were flaws in the account given at Mr. Kennedy's forum, and that it was wrong for Mr. Kennedy to have put his imprimatur on an account inspired by the very government whose restrictions on the free flow of information make it so difficult to get at the truth. It is even less excusable for Mr. Mendez, an official of a human rights organization, to do the same.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARIS DIARIST

Art and Socialism

WE CAME TO FRANCE to hike and eat our way through the vineyard country of Burgundy, where for centuries the local wines have shared with the region's haunting Romanesque churches the high vocation of tending to the spirit. But at both ends of our French trip we are in Paris to see old friends, including paintings—Delacroix's *Le Massacre de Scio*, for example, and Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Paul Gachet. But the lines outside the Jeu de Paume and the Louvre are so long—and the prospect of vast mobs in glazed motion so dreadful—that we go directly to a permanent new installation of paintings at the Orangerie, a gift from two private collectors, a dealer and his widow. The dealer sold Soutines, Derains, and Laurencins—but apparently not enough of them, so that they are now more than amply represented in his legacy. But a roomful of Renoirs—and not a single one in the vulgar, rouged style long favored on Park Avenue—shows that even the most acquisitive appetites can be discriminating. Renoir's own children brought out the best in him. Two paintings here of young Claude's innocence stir in me the bonds that fathers recognize in each other (I experience it every time I see Renoir's most beautiful painting, his small portrait of Margot Berard in New York's Metropolitan Museum). And two entwined lovers by Picasso—from that short moment when his rose and blue periods overlapped—made me ask again my old, perhaps Philistine, question: Why did someone who could touch us so deeply with even his disarmingly flat images rivet us for decades on the distorted and the ugly?

AT THE GRAND PALAIS there is a haphazardly displayed selection from the less discriminating collection of Jean and Dominique de Menil, of Houston and the Schlumberger oil service empire. I hesitate to criticize this massing of frippery, portentously entitled by its benefactress "*La Rime et La Raison*," because I know and like some of the younger de Menils, and also because their name carries such authority in art circles. But what the hell. With the exception of a few unexplained tapestries, some highly lacquered Dutch paintings, and the like, the de Menil show consists of (a) nearly every tedious vision in modern art and (b) an army of African items—fertility figures, masks, utensils—so vast that the visitor is numbed by sheer quantity. Why is it that the disintegrative modernist minimalist vision on the one hand, and the premodern tribal vision on the other, appeal so extravagantly to the big rich? Of course, some of the de Menil pieces are wonderful. How could there not be a few? By my calculation, the de Menils have purchased four or five pieces of art or whatever every week for about fifty years. Much of this will eventually come to rest in a museum now being built in Houston, an ugly unplanned city getting something quite in character.

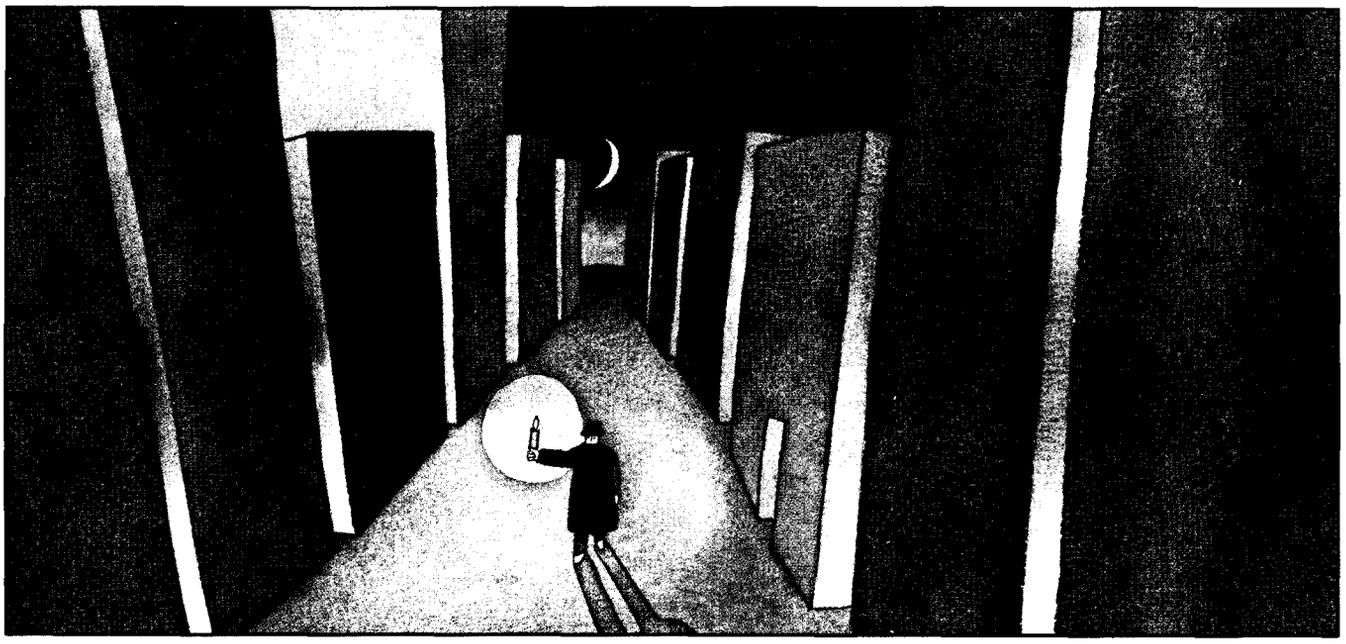
IF FRANCE'S three-year experiment with socialism under President François Mitterrand will not exactly be seen as socialism's finest hour, it may emerge as having been communism's most dreaded one. This could be Mitterrand's singular achievement: to have embraced the most important and most resiliently Stalinist party in Western Europe—by bringing it into the government—and thereby to have suffocated it. A party that had kept the loyalty of its *anciens militants* while winning enough new recruits to remain for a generation the choice of almost a quarter of the electorate has now seen its proportion (in the European parliamentary election) shrink to barely 12 percent. That's scarcely more than the new alignment of fascists led by Jean-Marie Le Pen. With unemployment way up in France, fascists and Communists now compete for the support of the resentful through similar racist appeals against Arab and black immigrants. Israel is still the prime object of the Communists' anti-Semitic reflexes, while the fascist Front National remains fixed on France's own Jews: Le Pen complained on television that to succeed these days in France you have to have a funny face like Mendès-France or a funny history like Simone Veil. You will doubtless remember Mendès-France's funny face. You may not know what is meant by Simone Veil's funny history: she was a *déportée* to Auschwitz.

IN FRANCE NOW it's nearly nine francs to the dollar. Because the dollar is strong, driving up the costs of imports, we are said to be responsible for the weakened European economy. When the dollar was weak, we were blamed for flooding Europe with cheap goods. But in France today people are mostly blaming socialism and the Socialists. On coming to power, Mitterrand quickly nationalized a few big banks; but he nationalized the computer industry too, and if there is one business that requires the entrepreneurial and scientific daring not common in public bureaucracies, it must be high tech. For all of Mitterrand's Socialist moderation, he made himself and his government hostage to dogma—the old Socialist dogma of nationalization, and then, earlier this summer, the old Republican dogma of anti-clericalism. By threatening the independence of the subsidized Catholic schools, and inflaming a *kulturkampf* long suspended, he brought protesting millions into the streets, demonstrating in fact just how traditional France has remained—indeed, just how much more traditional it may have become.

THOUGH OUTSIDE the NATO structure, France is the foundation stone of American diplomacy on the European mainland. Without Mitterrand, surely, there would have been no Euromissiles. No government is more sturdily anti-Soviet than his. The Socialists have for years been anti-Communist, and they brought the Communists into government, it is often said, to compromise them and to throttle them. But a Socialist government and a Socialist Party has at least residual Socialist obligations. For now, their Socialist economics and Socialist politics—their Socialist obligations—seem to have done them in. But they still govern. Mitterrand recently reshuffled the government and brought in as Prime Minister a brilliant young technocrat, Paul Fabius. He will take the economy down the tax-cutting and expenditure-cutting routes; he has already embarked on denationalization. Are the Socialists' obligations now suspended? Perhaps, but perhaps too late for French socialism. Many French Socialists I know sound like Ronald Reagan. Others merely sound like Richard Nixon. What a world.

M.P

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEXT ENERGY CRISIS
Will we have enough electricity?

With our economy growing, we're using more electricity. Unless plans are made now to satisfy this demand, we could have electricity shortages in the early 1990s.

Although some utilities have recently had more than the minimum generating reserves, these reserves are shrinking. They could become inadequate as our need for electricity grows faster than the utilities can provide it.

For decades, our use of electricity has grown along with our GNP. This year, they're growing at about 8 percent; at just 3 percent growth per year, we'll need 50 percent more electricity by the year 2000—and twice as many power plants as we're building now.

The high cost of running short

Electricity shortages would have a serious impact on our lifestyles and our economy, reducing industrial output, driving industries into other countries, putting people out of work, and limiting our ability to compete worldwide.

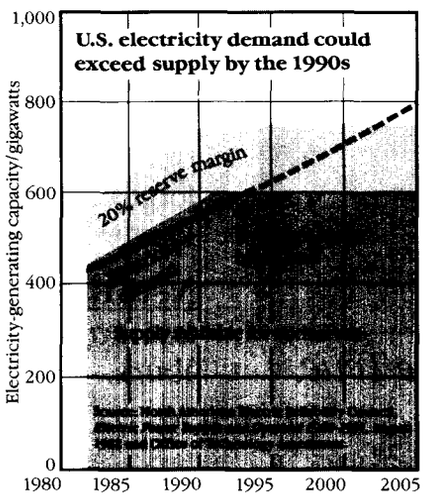
Some measures can postpone shortages, but they're costly:

- Delaying the retirement of older, less efficient plants
- Relying more on oil- and gas-fired turbines
- Importing more electricity

To *avoid* shortages, we need to finish the plants now under construction and plan for more new power plants—primarily coal and nuclear plants, since these use the economical domestic fuels that provide the capacity, economy, and security we need.

We're in a planning crisis

Due to energy crises, recessions and inflation since 1973, scores of coal and nuclear plants were canceled in the planning stage. Financial problems caused many utilities to cancel partially completed plants.



If demand for electricity continues growing at an average 3% per year (this year it's around 8%), in the 1990s the utilities' reserve margin could drop below the 20% necessary to assure a reliable electricity supply.

These plants and more will likely be needed to avoid electricity shortages in the 1990s. Yet utilities are faced with many obstacles and uncertainties.

Borrowing money for plant construction is increasingly difficult; state rate-setting procedures often discourage new capacity; opposition groups continue to block construction; Federal regulations continue to multiply, often causing the repeated tearing down and rebuilding of plant systems; and high interest rates and prolonged construction periods force electricity bills up.

These problems need to be solved through the understanding and cooperation of the industry, government, and the public. Only then will the utilities be able to take the steps needed to prevent electricity shortages and sustain a growing economy.

Free booklet tells more

Write: U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 37012 (D17), Washington, D.C. 20013.

Information about energy
America can count on today

U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

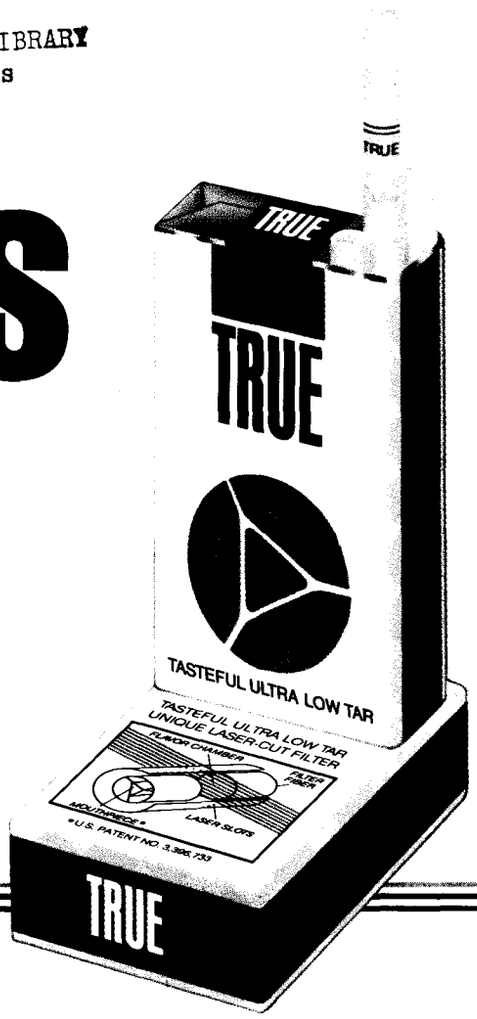
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984

True Upstages Ultras!

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Unique Laser Filter System Delivers Taste You Never Had In Ultra Low Tar Before.



Ultra low tar taste you don't have to learn to like. In fact, New True's fuller, richer flavor delivers a taste satisfaction we believe challenges cigarettes containing twice the tar.

It tastes too good to be True.

Filter discovery unique to True. The New Laser-Cut "Flavor-Chamber" Filter. An exclusive filtration system that delivers truly satisfying tobacco enjoyment at only 5 mg. tar.

More tobacco for longer enjoyment. Who doesn't want more of a good thing? That's another New True extra. True's quality tobacco blend is packed with extra tobacco so you can enjoy each cigarette longer. Noticeably longer!

New Breakthrough True. *Why not test it against the only taste that counts? Yours.*

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

New True BREAKTHROUGH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED